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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS,

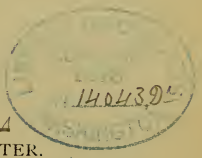
FROM THE WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

LIZZIE G. PARKER,

OF

WELLSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.



WELLSBURG, W. VA.
ALFRED GLASS, PRINTER.
1873.

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PREFACE.

At the request of several Friends, I publish the following Miscellaneous Selections, from the Writings of the late Lizzie G. Parker.

They are arranged in Chronological order, commencing in 1852, and closing a few months before her death. It was thought that the few of her earliest pieces, inserted, as the Engraving is, for Personal Friends more particularly, would not justify a departure in this respect. The place is added where it appears in the Manuscript.

The Writings speak for themselves. Her Life was in harmony with their general Tone and Spirit. The recent Civil War, its Cause and Consequences, stirred her deeply, and, as will be observed, gave color to many of her Thoughts.

Her physical strength gradually declined for three years preceding her death; yet she always appeared cheerful, sustained by her Religious Faith—growing more loving and tenderly solicitous for all, until she calmly and gently fell asleep, February 7th, 1870, at the age of 28—and her Spirit was Free.

To her Personal Friends, with Those, who desire to see Civil and Religious Freedom extended to all that is Rational; and Humanity, to whatever may suffer—the little Book is Respectfully Inscribed.

HER FATHER.

Wellsburg, W. Va., Oct. 1873.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LOVE.

Bright was the hour when Love to Earth was given,
Scarce had the sunset melted into even,
When, as a silver star that drops from heaven,
There fell a Voice:
"Oh, Earth! from out my Bower
Choose thou a flower."

Then lifted up its voice the murmuring brook,
The dew-hung trees their sighing answer shook
From their green leaves;
And Earth, with joy-lit look
Upon her face,
Sent up her throbbing voice,
Full of a glad rejoice.

Then rose the suppliant cry: "Oh, Father! hear,
Bow down to us Thy tender, loving ear—

Hark to thy Creatures"—on the night-air clear
Rose the one prayer:
"Emblem of Thee, Oh Lord, above,
Give unto us the boon of Love!"

WORCESTER, Mass., 1852.

DURING YELLOW FEVER.

WHEN "the silver cord is loosed,"
And "the golden bowl is broken;"
When the eye grows dim and cold,
And the farewell words are spoken;

When the spirit that once loved thee,
Sinketh fast to rest,
And the pallid hands are folded
Meekly on the breast;

When the heart that loved thee only,
Throbeth weak and slow,
And the dews of agony
Are standing on the brow—

Then thy fancied power all faileth,
Then thy human pride is broke;
Naught but heavenly strength availeth,
It can ease thy weary yoke.

NORFOLK, Va., 1855.

TO A SCHOOL-MATE WHO DIED OF THE PESTILENCE.

Oh ! come from that bright land,
By heaven-born zephyrs fanned,
Back to dim earth ;
Where in our childish band
We linked the heart and hand,
In our light mirth.

Methinks I see thee now,
Stars banding thy white brow,
And thine eyes'-tenderness,
Mournfully gleaming
'Midst the light streaming
From the white throne.

Norfolk, Va., 1855.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Now o'er us bends the Autumn-sky,
An azure curtain flecked with gold,
And where the sparkling sun-beams lie,
The gentium its fringed leaves unfold :
There's life and vigor in the air,
And skies are calm, and earth is fair.

May He who guards the tender flowers

Upon earth's bosom, frail and fair,
Keep bright your horizon from showers
And storms of ill—and through His care
Your life be but a sun-beam bright—
His arm your strength, His love your light.

GUYANDOTTE, West Va., 1859.

BURIED TO-DAY.

BURIED to-day,—
When the soft green buds are bursting out
And upon the south-wind comes a shout
Of village boys and girls at play
In this mild spring-evening gray.

Taken away,—
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low underneath the clay,
In *his* spring—on this spring-day.

Passes away,—
All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question? when One saith nay—
Murmur not—only pray.

Enters to-day,—

Another body in Church-yard sod,
Another soul on its life in God—
His Christ was buried, and lives alway,
Trust in Him, and go your way.

GUYANDOTTE, April, 1861.

SPRING TIME.

'TWAS in the bonny May-time,
The earth was heavenly fair,
And the first sweet smell of violets
Was hanging in the air;
And a manly form with an eye of pride,
And an angel's smile, rode by my side.

All brightly flashed the sunshine
As it lit his fearless eye,
Which grew mild as a ring-dove's plumage,
As it fell on me lovingly;
And he seemed a part of the steed he strode,
For proudly his chestnut Charger trode.

* * * * * *

The form of the sorrowful Autumn,
Her forehead bound with sheaves,

Bends mournfully over the spot where
Stiff on the crimson leaves—
Lies a chestnut Charger with clotted mane,
And a dead hand clutching his bridle rein!

GUYANDOTTE, W. Va., 1861.

DROWNED.

ADOWN where the dashing billows
Splash round the desolate willows,
And there sullenly lie;
Hand and heart linked together,
All in the merry June-weather,
Went my True-Love and I.

On rocks, o'er their deepest flowing,
A lily was palely growing,
My Love for it had gone;
But a cry went up insanely,
Two white hands clutched all vainly—
Oh, God! I was alone!

Then with chill-hushed heart unbreathing,
'Mid the cruel waves upheaving,
I caught his golden locks;

And he lay palely sleeping,
I my dead lover weeping,
All on the slimy rocks.

His brow lay white like snow new-driven,
His eye now gleamed in sight of heaven,
The curv'd lip lay serene;
And the marble-hand so chilly
Held that fatal water-lily—
Oh! had it *never* been!

Still do the treacherous billows
Splash round the desolate willows—
But since that dreary day,
'Till I meet him ne'er to sever,
Love lies dead and cold forever—
Drowned from my life away.

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

LOST.

OH! my lost Love! art thou lying
On the field of deadly strife,
Where the cruel hand of battle
Gathers up brave human life?

Is thy broad-white forehead gleaming

On the blood-stained earth at rest,
With the sun's bright glances streaming
O'er the armor on thy breast?

Dost thou lie there—while the moonbeams
Shimmer as in time gone by,
When we dream'd those olden love-dreams,
Of a love that could not die?

Lies thy dear dark hair all clotted
With thy true heart's crimson blood?
Thy young life-scroll bleared and blotted,
By the hand of Brotherhood?

Done to death—like the o'er-spent charger,—
Thy fretted spirit at length set free—
Gone where Charity's heart is larger,
And One judgeth kindlier than we.

Kindlier than we—in a land that fairer
Spreads where the Ransomed and Angels be,
Where the skies are dyed with colors rarer—
Thy heavy heart shall now be free.

* * * * * *

Aught but this, I could pass over,
And loved thee howe'er my heart had bled—
But false to thy country! Oh, dead Lover!
Scorn rose in arms, and Love fell dead!

Thou hast paid the debt—now calmly sleeping—
Christ pardoned those he died to save,

Scorn dies in tears, and I, all weeping,
Lay Love and Forgiveness in the Grave!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

FRAGMENT.

HASTE thee, haste—my little brown steed,
As the red sun lowers, so quicken thy speed;
And the night-breeze is rising, keen and cool,
Rustling the leaves, and wrinkling the pool;
The air is chill with coming frost—
Then on—not a moment to be lost—
A sharp quick gallop first, and then—
We must pass the Guerrillas' dreary Glen.

On,—On, he flies with a ringing tread,
Past the branchless tree, that black and dead,
Shoots piercingly up—past the bend, and mill
Whose roof is gone and whose wheel is still—
By the purple hills that rise on high
Against the tawny Autumn-sky—
'Till the frog croaks huskily in the glen,
Which borders the fierce Guerrillas' den!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

AT LAST.

1.

Lily Maiden! white and chill
As the snow on yonder hill,
Dost thou feel my weary tread
Near thy narrow, lowly bed?

2.

White and fair and cold thou art,
And thy throbless, frozen heart
Resteth from its crushing woe,
'Neath thy bosom's heaped snow:

3.

Ivory on thy Ivory breast,
Clothed in its eternal rest,
Lies the child you bore to me—
Bore in Grief and Infamy!

4.

God forgive me! that I took
From thy face the sunny look;
Happiness from thy blue eye,
From thy name, its purity:

5.

And on thy fair virgin-head,
Left shame's-thorny crown instead;
Left *thee*, with a broken vow,
And Cain's mark upon *my* brow!

6.

For they took thee deadly fair,
Shrouded in thy yellow hair,
With *my* baby on thy breast,
From the waters' wild unrest.

7.

Since that hour of wrong and ruth
Has been sent me age in youth,
To my heart a gnawing pain,
Nought may ever ease again.

8.

Through the world's wild Revelry
Thy sad eyes looked out at me;
At my side through Halls of light
Swept thy Spirit, dread and white!

9.

Far from the dim, cloistered gloom
Of my old Ancestral tomb,
Over land, and over sea,
I have come to rest with thee:

10

Come to lay life's burden down,
Come to wear thy martyr-crown—
Here on earth the shame was *thine*,
But Beyond—*'twill all be mine!*

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

TO * * * * * *

WHY did you cross my life
With your woman-winning art,
And tread the secret chamber
Of my untutored heart?

You with your soul of fire,
And passionate eyes of brown,
That would stream with tender light
When they lingered on my own.

Did you know I loved you then
With a woman's passionate trust?
That I placed on you my diadem,
And bowed my pride in dust?

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

TO R***** L***.

We met, and parted, long ago—
Yet thou comest before me now,
The Autumn-sunset's tawny glow,
Lighting thy full white brow;

As near thy stately Southern home,
O'er-hanging the deep, deep sea,
Thy form stood clear 'gainst gathering gloom,
Waving farewell to me.

Proctorsville, O., 1861.

A PORTRAIT.

Sweeping by in many a fold
Of milky silk, embossed with gold;
Diamonds, lighting her brown hair
Tossing upon her bosom fair,
Girding her arms with quivering bands,
Lighting the dimples in her hands,
Star-like shining on each foot
That fell like snow-flakes, still and mute;
Through the tropical scented Hall,

The flattered cynosure of all,
She glided,—and I met her then—
Better for me had it never been!

Floated her voice into my ear,
Like falling waters, fresh and clear;
Raised her face with an upward glance—
But strangly through its radiance,
From out her eye's deep azure cup
There welled a secret sorrow up;
A something, scarcely caught e'er gone,
And her bright form went gliding on;
But in my bosom's inmost core
Her image crept, where ne'er before
Fell woman's silken tread. Ere long
I passed from out that merry throng
Under the frosty star-lit sky—
Cheek flushing, and heart beating high:
An ecstacy ne'er felt before—
I loved that maiden evermore.

Loved her not for her stately home,
That raised its polished-marble dome;
Not because of her father's gold,
Her flashing diamonds pure and cold—
'Twas the white soul, whose living grace
Warmed every curve of that young face;
In windowed arch of brilliant hue
Heaven's holy sunshine streaming through,
Takes to itself the colors warm,

And brightens all it shines upon—
So in the warmth of her blue eyes
Heaven's mysterious signet lies;
Read by none, but felt by all
O'er whose path her glories fall—
'Twas this made me her slave, and I
Loved with a sweet intensity.

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

"BE FAITHFUL EVEN UNTO DEATH."

WHINE, Oh hound! at that lordly gate,
Mildewed with damp and rain;
Howl! for the master's step you wait
Shall ne'er come back again.

Press close to the rusted, iron bar
Your gaunt breast torn with sighs;
Stretch to the window-panes afar,
Those bleared, beseeching eyes.

'Twas but the wind, that stealthy tone—
But your eye gleams gladly now—
Only the wind with mocking moan,
Making the tall trees bow.

The proud race of that haughty home

Mingle with other dust,
Yet, by that Palace desolate,
Still dost thou keep thy trust.

And thus for years, by day, by night,
Through winter's wind and rain,
Waiting the touch of snowy hands,
That can never come again.

Oh, God-like Faith! thou teachest me,
Tho' loving ones have fled,
Tho' Youth and all its glories flee,
And earthly joys be dead,—

To love and trust unto the end,
With every sigh-drawn breath,
And through all storms that Fate may send,
"Be faithful unto Death!"

WAR!

Oh War, War, War! Thy Blood-red hands,
Have thrust our Sister, mild-eyed Peace, away.
Thou stand'st before us, with thy Lance at rest,
And Flaming Armor! Men lie down
In the hot gusts of thy dread breath and die;
And thou wilt lead us on till we have passed

Over the corpse of that black monster, Slavery,
That stands ready with wide-flaming torch,
To keep alight the flames of Civil War!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

CASTLE BERNE.

THERE lived two Brothers, fair to see,
Oh! the cruel Sea—how deep it flows—
And both were brave as brave could be—
O! the cruel Sea—how deep it flows—
Love flamed in Huan's eye of night,
And wreathed the other's glance of light;
Both hated his Brother deep and stern,
Both loved the Lady of Castle Berne.

O! rare her beauty, rare and sweet—
But her heart was cold as the deep, deep Sea—
Her soft gold hair swept her glancing feet—
O! her heart was cold as the deep, deep Sea—
She smiled on him with the locks of gold,
And his pulse throbbed high, and his love grew bold;
And Huan's heart flamed high with ire,
And the steel of these proud souls struck fire.

Castle Berne hangs over the Sea—
O'er the salt Sea, and the sullen rocks—

Cutting the storm-clouds haughtily—
O ! the salt Sea, and the sullen rocks !
The Eagle screams round its walls to-night,
And the moon looks down with awful light—
The Lady looked from her lattice there,
Wrapt in her beauty pure and fair.

Is it the lightning from the skies ?
Hark, the wild beat of the cruel Sea !
Or is it the gleam of wrathful eyes ?
Hark, to the beat of the cruel Sea !
Woe ! to the Mother whose milk-white breast
Those lips now fixed in hate have pressed ;
Woe ! when the sons of the self-same sire
Meet in the heat of jealous ire !

Madly they rush to combat there—
Over the waiting, eager Sea—
Gleam their swords in the moon-white air,
Above that waiting, eager Sea—
A rushing fall, and a woman's scream,
A clang of steel, and a dagger's gleam,
A break in the waves, and an Eagle's call—
And a pale moon shining over all !

The light went out from the Lady's face,
In that Castle lapped by the stealthy Sea—
And resting now (by our Lady's grace)
Is the heart that broke by that stealthy Sea.
They shrouded the Mother for the tomb
In the languid light of that heirless home ;

And the Great Last Day and Sea shall prove
The fearful Hate that was born of Love!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

NEVER AGAIN.

NEVER again, Oh, never again,
Can life be to me what it once has been;
Never again can the sun-set glow
With the light that lit it long ago;
Never will be the flowers so fair,
Nor the fresh sweet smell hang in the air:

Childhood, Youth, are fleeing from me,
And I walk a world of Reality.
Life is here, with its woes and pain,
And I stretch to the land of youth in vain
My coward hands: yet Oh, my God!
The awful wine-press *must* be trod!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

LAMENT.

OH, thou gently breathing wind
Bring me that I cannot find,

Else blow not upon my brow
With thy soft caresses low—
Howl thou! bitter in thy wrath,
Round my love-forsaken path—
My Love is false to me!

Shine thou not—Oh, chilling sun!
Thy old warmth for me is done;
Thou can'st raise the daisy's head
With thy yellow-shodden tread—
One bowed head thou can'st not cheer,
Youth, and hope, and life, are drear—
My Love is false to me!

Oh, thou blooming-bosomed Earth!
Mock not with thy happy mirth;
On thy face a joy I see,
That can never come to me—
Make me room beneath thy breast,
I will come to thee for rest—
My Love is false to me!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

OUT of the deep, Lord! out of the deep,
With breaking heart and eyes that weep—

Now while the joys of life all flee
My empty hands stretch out to Thee.
Let me not sink, Oh, God! forever,
Lost in the surge of Death's dark river;
Save me, O, save, Thou ever glorious!
Thou who o'er Death art aye victorious!

Naked I am—O'er me are dashing
Dark waves of doubt, and sin, and pride,
Clear as a star Thou shinest, flashing
Hope to my soul where hope had died.
"Lord I believe," have mercy on me,
Hide not the light of Thy presence from me—
Lo, all grows bright, and Heaven is beaming—
Full on my sight Thy love is streaming—
Glory to God, forever glorious!
He who o'er Death is aye victorious!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

FRUITION.

OH Life! thou slowly openest; the leaves
That cling around thee loose and fall apart
In the broad noon of Reason; and I see
Not half the beauty that the bud-life gave

In promise to me. Now at-length I know
That soon, right soon, the blight of death shall steal
On thee, and thy leaves curl, and drop, and fade;
But glory be to God, the Fruit comes then,
In its grand, growing strength!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

THE APPLE TREE.

BLOOM, with an added beauty,
Oh, flower-crowned Apple-tree!
For there lies beneath your shadow
One that was Life to me.

Sail your white leaves down to her,
Snow to her bosom snow—
But your beauty can never equal
The glory that lies below.

The eye's remembered lustre
Is dark in wakeless rest,
And hands once mine, are folded
On a never-moving breast.

Soon shall your blush-white blossoms
Fall like a cloud on me,

And I sleep by my maiden,
Happy, unutterably!

Bloom with a wonderful beauty,
Oh, flower-crowned Apple-Tree—
Pink for her modest maidenhood,
White, for her purity!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

BATTLE.

CRASH, crash, Oh, shells!
Over beatless hearts all quiet;
Over war's tumultuous riot—
Shine! as ye burst on dull, dead eyes,
Crushing out souls as each fragment flies;
Like the smoke from thy rent sides driven,
Many a soul goes up to heaven!

Roar, roar, Cannon roar!
Other mouths are lying voiceless,
Leaving far-off homes rejoiceless;
Making voids that through long years
Shall be filled with woman's tears—
Crashing on with blood-marked train,
Crimsoning the Earth with slain—

Writhing, mangled, thick, men lie
In a direful agony!

On, on! Soldiers, on!
Over palid up-turned faces—
Forward! fill their vacant places—
Forward! breathing with each breath
A leaden atmosphere of death.
See—they slacken, waver, fly—
On—three cheers for victory!
Cannon smoke with clinging pall
Shuts the horrid sight from all!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

WOMAN'S WAR TAX.

By almost every fire-side
In our loyal North and West,
There sits a sad-faced woman,
With sorrow-laden breast;
Waiting with terrible eagerness
The war-news from afar—
And that's the way we Women
Are paying the Tax of War.

A battle is fought at the Southward,
And the news tears on in haste—
"Shot dead," and the light on the homestead

Shines on a desolate waste ;
And a woman stark in anguish,
Her clasped hands raised in air,
Prays up to God for strength,
Her heavy tax to bear !

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

A "MUD-SILL."

AND the sun-shine made an armor,
And sheathed him o'er and o'er ;
It sat on his head like a helmet,
Such as the *Old Knights* wore ;
And gleaming a golden breast-plate
Over his heart so warm,
It melted around each manly limb
Of his Young, Knightly form.

He rode him forth in the morning
With fervor in his Eye,
With Manhood in his good right arm,
With *dare* "to do, or die."
He was smiling when they found him,
Where blood in rivers ran,
He had lived, and died, for Freedom—
A "Mud-sill"—and a Man !

He sleeps in the honored trenches—
But never can *seem dead*,
With the light gone from his forehead,
The spring from his proud tread,
The kiss from his lips forever,
The laughter from his eye,
The sword and sword-arm parted,
And at rest eternally—

Break forth in thy glory Freedom!
Break forth upon the world,
For oppression's cloud rent from thee,
A sin to death is hurled—
As thou standest on the solid rock
Their yielded lives have won,
Lift high their Fame forevermore,
The "Mud-sills'," that are gone!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1862.

THANKS TO A GRASSHOPPER.

SING, sing, Grasshopper, sing,
Loud, strong, little pauper king—
You've never a thing
But your one brown dress,

Yet you *are a king* in your happiness ;
And into the depths of my sad heart
Your shrill voice drops so brave and smart.

You teach, Grasshopper, dear,
That when a fellow's soul is clear
God's light will shine through,
And make all bright ;
His love drop like dew
In grief's dark midnight ;
Your chirpings more than sermons are—
Thank you for this, my Grasshopper.

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1862.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

OH, my baby, my baby, my baby !
Lying out there, in the pitiless rain,
And I never, never, can warm you darling—
And my arms stretch out for you all in vain ;
Baby, baby !

Oh, I can't see out for my eyes are filling,
I can't see out through the dim, wet pane ;
But I know you are there, all white and holy—
Baby, baby, out in the rain—
Baby, baby !

Oh, dear! with its little white hands folded;
And they put it out there all alone—
The dear little form my life had moulded,
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,—
Baby, baby!

Oh, God! be pitiful, send rain gently,
It never was out in the storm before;
Be motherly to it, for Oh, sorrow!
Its Mother can be so nevermore,—
Baby, baby!

"Think of the Kingdom for little children,
Think of Him who stood by the bier at Nain;"
I will; but my heart is lone and aching,
And my baby is lying out in the rain,—
Baby, baby!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1861.

IMPROMPTU.

"A MAN'S heart—what is there in it?"
I will tell you in a minute:
Full of love, though like a dormouse
It may sleep—a power enormous
When the steam is up, and availeth
What his infant mind's instilled with:

Love of honor, love of wealth,
Love of learning, love of self,
Love of power, and pride inhuman,
Love of God, and love of woman;
These make up that grand machine,
A man's heart. Indeed I mean,
On whatever track you move,
The great Motive-Power is Love.

HARMAR, O., 1862.

THE OLD CHURCH.

A FRAGMENT.

1.

HUSKILY chants the gray-backed toad,
As he sits by the ruined Church,
Where the yellow moon-light bands the road
Through the arch of the old, old porch.

2.

And the bat sags heavily to and fro,
And the beetles batter the leaves,
And the wind is like old Ocean's flow
In its long and sullen heaves.

3.

In the very air there's a smell of mould,
And a chill that strikes to the bone—
Oh, the place has not one look of Old,
Not a look of the days that are gone.

4.

Long since, and to that stately Church
There came a motley crowd,
And passed within that arched porch,
Under its scutcheons proud.

5.

Countess and Count in golden state,
Knelt in their pride to God;
And Peasants through that heavenly gate,
With humble footsteps trod.

6.

Where is the shine that lay like gold
On plumes and peasant gown,
On humble face, and nostril proud,
On clasped hands, fair and brown?

7.

That shafted through the windows there,
And danced in the dust-flecked air,
That smote those pillars fir'ily
That blacken and crumble there?

8.

Gathered away to light the Morn,
That shall break all clear and dread,
That shall see the Sun from heaven withdraw,
And the Sea give up its dead!

9.

Under that gathered sunshine-ray
Once walked a Maiden bright;
She was peasant born, and peasant bred,
Yet her skin was soft and white;

10.

And her blood gleamed bright as it had lit
A daughter of dead Earls,
And a sweet soft voice, and fairy hand,
Were hers—that peasant girl's.

11.

Her gold hair hung about her,
With its radiant threads unbound,
As the good deeds of her golden life
Fell thick on all around.

12.

Pure were her thoughts, like angels' hymns
When to God's feet they roll,
The breath of passion ne'er had dimmed
The lustre of her soul.—

HARMAR, O., 1862.

BUD AND BLOSSOM.

You gave me a Rose this morning—
It had lain on your Maiden-breast;
Your hand touched mine in giving,
And my soul grew faint and blessed.
It was warm from the heaving bosom
I would give whole worlds to own;
It drooped when you took it from your breast,
Like a Monarch leaving his throne.
Its glossy leaves hung heavily,
And its cheek lay white and fair,
It had fainted in a delirium
Of joy at being there.

And it's lying here before me,
And I guard it lovingly,
And its sweetness is far sweeter,
For it has been with thee.
And for this, thy Gift, Oh Maiden!
The Bud you gave to me,
I give the full-blown Blossom
Of a Manly Love to thee.
And now you know my story—
Will you not make me blest,
And wear me where this morning
This Rose lay—on your breast?

HARMAR, O., 1862

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A VISION.

1.

A WILD white moon sits in the sky
That's clotted all-over with flying clouds,
And the mist half hides the mountains' sides
Till they look like ghosts in shrouds.

2.

The night-wind rustles the Elm trees
Like a snake gliding through dry leaves,
And the wind, it moans and trembles,
And the wind, it sighs and grieves.

3.

Oh, one Mountain standeth grandly,
Shrouded in filmy sheet,
That he swathes around about him
From his stern brow to his feet.

4.

But the wind now catches his mantle
And tears its folds apart,
And a something terribly vivid
Speaks to my sight with a start!

5.

Out into the wild white moonlight

It shudders into sight ;
Remote, yet awfully vivid—
It glares a thing of white !

6.

And I clamber up, though the vapor
Chills and presses me down,
By rock, and vine, and bramble—
A spell seems drawing me on.

7.

Rocks lie haggard around me,
Holding the moon-light bright,
And now above, beside me,
Lies that dreadful thing of white !

8.

A woman, whose long, damp garments
Whiten the dark rocks there ;
One arm sags beavily downward,
Wrapped in her wind-moved hair :

9.

Never a wound on her bosom,
Never a stain of blood ;
Only a prayer on those dead-young lips,
Praying up to God !

10.

Flashes the mist on her forehead,
And tearfully shrouds her eyes,
That are fixed with mute appealing
On the cloudy, moon-white skies.

11.

Fiercely a ruby burning
Over her beatless heart;
Like shame's great gorgon eye-ball,
Its quivering red rays start!

HARMAR, O., 1862.

DEATH.

DEATH, Oh death! thou meetest me,
Wrapt in solemn mystery!
Thou,—whose sombre, towering form,
Like the coming of a storm,
Shuttest from my weary eye
My great home, Eternity,—
Stand aside, and let me enter
Where the souls of ages centre!

HARMAR, O., 1862.

SEEKING PEACE.

With sin's cloud blackening o'er me—
Look! I kneel with tears before Thee;
I have wandered many a dreary
Year. Oh, God! my feet are weary—
Will their foot-falls never cease,
"Seeking Peace?"

Joy and I have long since parted,
Empty handed, hungry hearted,
Walk I under sin's dark skies,
With sick soul and tear-choked eyes—
And my sorrows but increase,
"Seeking Peace."

I am groping—sin, beguiling,
Hides from me Thy dear love's smiling
On my poor sick soul. Oh, lighten
With Thy heavenly Power, and brighten,
Till her fatal lures decrease—
"Seeking Peace."

Let Thy holy light rest on me,
Let Thy dear yoke be upon me;
Let me *feel* that Prayer and Labor,
Love to God, and to my Neighbor,
Maketh all my woes to cease,
In Thy Peace.

HARMAR, O., 1862.

BE TRUE.

Be True, be True;—
Better you lay in your grave,
Better dead beneath the wave,
White hands clasped, and fireless eye,
Than to live a Falsity!

Be True, be True;—
God has given you glorious youth,
Warp it not by one Untruth;
Turn you from the tempter's cry,
Look the Truth full in the eye.

Be True, be True;—
Hearts were made to love, not break,
Treat them kindly for God's sake;
For to you the power is given,
To win Love as True as heaven.

Be True, be True;—
And from out this world of sin,
God's own arm shall draw you in,
Where Truth's light shines as the sun,
Thou shalt hear the Great, "Well Done!"

HARMAR, O., 1862.

SOUL TO THE BODY.

Farewell for ever—Oh, farewell,
Thou Brother, Master, Slave!
I leave thee glad, yet yearningly,
To thy lone home, the grave.

Oh, Brother! for I hold thee yet
In my warm spirit-grasp;
We have been friends, yet I must tear
From thy poor clinging clasp.

We have been Brothers many years
Of youth, and joy, and strife;
When I have sorrowed, thou hast wept
The bitter tears of life.

Thou hast been Master—from my home
In heaven, thou prisoned me,
And lashed thy finiteness of clay
To my Infinity.

Farewell, farewell—*thou art the Slave,*
Poor lifeless thing of clay—
I go—clothed in my Spiritual,
Rarer than beams of day!

Harmar, O., 1862.

HOW LONG, O, LORD, HOW LONG?

Not many years—not many, O dear God!
Let me be from Thy Presence kept away;
For life lives only 'neath Thy blessed light,
That turns the blackest sorrow into day.

The loving loves which I had held to me,
With the tight clinging clasp of earthly sin,
Are turned to ashes, and I faintly hold
The empty shroud where perished love has been.

"No other gods but Thee"—had I but learned
What Thy dear Love instructs—another fate
Had then been mine, and I should not be here,
So broken-hearted, worn, and desolate!

How long, O God, how long—when comes the end?
When wilt Thou lift in joy this pain-crowned head?
When shall my eyes be lifted from these clods,
Where Livingness, and Lovingness, have fled,

To that bright Land whose glowing Light Thou art,
The great, fair City, that shall be my home—
Where Love shall live again, and sin be dead?—
Oh, be not long—come quickly, Father, come!

Harmar, O., 1862.

FANTINE.

1.

Cover her down with turf,
White as the storm-thrashed surf
On the wide-tossing ocean :
Daises will grow o'er her
Kindly as heaven, and stir
With a white solemn motion—
Rest poor soul !
Woman's tongue shall scoff at thee,
Heartless men shall laugh at thee ;
But no flush of scarlet shame
Meets the argus-eyes of blame—
Rest poor soul !

2.

Dark was the sin she sinned,
And light her name as wind,
But let her be forgiven ;
And Christ has pardoned such,
For O, *this one* "loved much"—
And that has weight in heaven—
Rest poor soul !
Woman's tongue may scoff at thee,
Heartless men may laugh at thee ;
Thou the guiltless face hath seen
Of that *other* Magdalene—
Rest poor soul !

Harmar, O.. 1862.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

1.

"Battle roars all around me,
These numbing pains confound me,
Yet through this death-filled place,
I hear no voice but thine, dear;
And in this awful shine, dear,
I only see *thy* face—
Oh, my poor Darling!

2.

For I think I'm dying, dear,
And where I'm lying here
Runs my heart's blood. Only
Long I for thy soft hand's touch,
It would help my pain so much—
Lonely, lonely, lonely—
Oh! my poor Darling!

3.

How your cheek glows in this red,—
Darling, lift my heavy head,
Lay it on your breast;
In this whirling, mad'ning night,
Let me feel its beatings light,
And then, I can rest—
Keep with me Darling!"

4.

Then we raised his dying head,
Then we laid it backward, *dead*,
In our strong-man's way;
And our tears fell fast as motes
On our rough, blue over-coats;
And we thought, as cold he lay,
Bravest man that fell that day,
Of his "poor Darling!"

HARMAR, O., 1862.

THE NEW RECRUIT.

OH, I cannot, cannot sleep,
Something stirs me, strange and deep;
With a rushing, happy pain
Comes my boyhood back again;
And my eyes are hot with tears
As in those dim childish years
When I knelt beside your knee—
Mother, Mother, pray for me!

On the rough crest of that hill
Lie the Rebels crouch'd and still,
And their watch-fires flare on high,

Like War's red and angry eye ;
Soon their eyes and mine shall meet
In the battle's fiery heat ;
Soon I stiff in death may be—
Mother, Mother, pray for me !

Mother, in that Cottage-door,
That I may not enter more ;
Mother, in that dear old room
Where I never more may come ;
Turn that holy face to heaven,
That so oft for me hast striven ;
Fearful—let thy pleadings be—
Mother, Mother, pray for me !

Look ! the morning bands the night,
Look ! it strikes their bayonets bright—
Courage, boys—now *on* we go—
Death and bayonets for the foe ;
Charge them ! bravely done—and well—
Charge again ! through shot and shell—
Charge once more—hurrah ! they flee—
Mother, Mother, pray for me !

Lay me down, boys—ha ! they run—
Lay me down, my fight is done ;
Mother, Mother, standing *there*,
Put your hand upon my hair—
" Now I lay me down to sleep,
Pray the Lord my soul to keep,

I should die"—I cannot see—
Mother, Mother—pray for me!

HARMAR, O., 1862.

WHEN I SEE THEE AGAIN.

"WHEN I see thee again," fell from lips whose strong quiver,
Stern wrestling spoke, and he bent him again
O'er the face on his breast, and he met its faint shiver,
With a fatal foreboding, an ominous pain.

"Till I meet you again, God be with you my darling"—
He is off—and she's left in the gray, empty dawn;
And the sunshine grows faint, and the gay, noisy starling
Seems mocking her sorrow—for is he not gone?

* * * * * *

When she met him again he all sternly was sleeping—
There yawned a great wound on that motionless breast,
And his eyes opened not at the sound of her weeping,
And the hand that clutched his, was unfelt and unpressed.

Till she meets him on high, God be with and uphold her—

Poor reed sorely bruised, He will soften her pain—
Till in heaven the warm arm of his love shall enfold her,
And never to part, they shall meet once again.

HARMAR, O., 1862.

MY COUSIN.

CALMLY, faintly, lay she there,
'Neath the sky of Switzerland;
Death came near and spoke to her,
Beckoned her with solemn hand.

Came a glory from the sky,
Lighted on her face so meek,
Lighted on her golden hair,
And the Thought that she would speak:

Came a Grand Change over all,
Stole the glory from her hair,
Took the Thought straight up to heaven,—
Left her lying whitely there.

BELPRE, O., 1862.

"BABELESS."

Ah, heaven—it drives me wild!
To think that nevermore my little child
Shall come to meet me with its hands outspread,
And little staggering feet whose every tread
Fell to my heart—all gone, all gone—while I,
Widowed and babeless, sit and rock and cry,
And think my baby up. Its little face
Shines there before me.—In that very place,
It used to sit, that beam lit up its hair,
And shone in its blue eyes. *It is not there*,
Not there, not there. Oh God! from this lone floor,
In this dear beam, whose glory has crept o'er
My baby's head, I writhing look to Thee,—
Whose only Son died on dread Calvary!
Pity me, God! It was *my* only one,
My one "Ewe Lamb." When died Thy only Son—
Thou wert a God to bear it; I am none,
But a most heart-broke Mother. O, I know
That Mary's heart broke underneath the blow,
That freed Mankind!
Oh God! I ask from Thee
This one boon only: that thou'dst ease the yoke,
So that my stricken heart be not quite broke;
That Thou wilt lighten up this bleak despair,
And fill the absence of its shining hair;
And in the coming glories of that land,
Oh, let me lead my baby by the hand,
Forever and Forever, Evermore.

Harmar, O., 1862.

THE CUMBERLAND.

Not one iron lip was paling,
Not one War-lit eye was quailing,
As that cursed craft came on;
Not one pulse but true was beating,
Not one heart but scorned retreating
From that mammoth-doom of evil,
From that casket of the Devil—
So the "Merrimac" came on.
And we waited, calm and steady,
And we got our War-dogs ready—
Still she steadily crept on.
Every ear to her was straining,
Every eye watched the sure gaining
Of that very type of Evil,
That vile Flag-ship of the Devil—
So the "Merrimac" crept on.

Lightning from her black sides breaking,
Battle's voice in thunder waking—
Stern the firing went on.
In each eye deep wrath was burning
As, her heavy fire returning,
Stood we; nor could we discover
The dread fate that brooded over—
And the mammoth-doom crept on.
Bore she on with direful rigor,
Straight at us with horrid vigor;
Iron-beak'd and prow'd she came

Swift upon, and through us crashing,
Tearing, grinding, wrecking, smashing—
Then at us, maimed, wrecked, unable,
Sinking, shorn of mast and cable—
Pour'd one blasting sheet of flame!

HARMAR, O., 1862.

ISAIAH LXIII, 1ST TO VIITH VERSE.

"WHO is this that comes from Edom,
Clad in robes of Bozrah-dye—
He, who glorious in apparel,
Traveleth great in Majesty?"
Listen now, Oh wondering stranger:
"I that speak in Righteousness,
I that Mighty am in danger,
Strong to save in dire distress!"

"Wherefore red in thine apparel,
Why thy garments' blood-like glow,
Like to one who in the wine-vat
Treads the yielding grapes below?"
Hark! That voice of utter anguish
Rising on the waiting air,
Like a tear in its great sorrow,
Like a groan in its despair:

"I have trod alone the wine-press—
People there were none with me,
I will tread them in my anger,
I will trample furiously;
And their blood shall redden, redden,
Sprinkling these robes of mine,
Wholly shall it stain my raiment—
Record of a Wrath Divine!

For the firey day of vengeance
Fills my heart with awful gloom,
And the year of my Redeem'd ones,
Flaming gloriously has come!
And I look'd—there was no other
Helpful standing by my side,
And my heart was great with wonder—
None upheld me tho' I died!

Therefore, my own arm unaided,
Brought Salvation unto me,
And the whirlwind of my fury,
It upheld me angrily!
I will tread them down in anger,
Make them drunk in fury dread,
Down to earth will bring their vigor—
They shall slumber with the dead!"

HARMAR, O., 1863.

SONG.

My hand in thine, and thine in mine,
And thro' all wind and weather,
Loving each other more and more,
We'll walk the world together.

Your love for me, and mine for thee,
Growing stronger and stronger,
And brightening toward a perfect day,
As the shadowy Past grows longer.

A perfect Day that glows for us—
When, every sin forgiven,
Our earthly love shines sanctified
In the happy light of heaven.

Knowing each heart as we are known,
And feeling sorrow, never,
Our Souls shall meet, and O, what joy!
"Go out no more Forever!"

HARMAR, O., 1863.

VIRGINIA, MY VIRGINIA!

AND *dare* they flout our holy laws,
Virginia, my Virginia?
When thy best blood fights for our cause,

Virginia, my Virginia!
Through all the bloodiness of War
Thy needle turns toward Freedom's star,—
Thou seest the morning break afar—
Virginia, my Virginia!

Yes, though thy path streams red with blood—
Virginia, my Virginia!
Though crimson-stained each sacred rood,
Virginia, my Virginia!
With all thy Chart and Compass gone,
For the great guerdon to be won,
Unflinchingly thou didst press on—
Virginia, my Virginia!

They *dare claim* thee, and more than this—
Virginia, my Virginia!
They *dare kiss* thee with Judas-kiss,
Virginia, my Virginia!
From thy dread fields where Freemen die,
From every glazed and lifeless eye,
We hurl them back their Calumny—
Virginia, my Virginia!

If draped in woman's accents clear—
Virginia, my Virginia!
The Serpent's hissings fill our ear—
Virginia, my Virginia!
We dash torn mockeries aside,
Lift Honor, Justice, Manhood, Pride—

And clasp it! so Tarpeia died—
Virginia, my Virginia!

With tearful eyes we pledge thee now,
Virginia, *West* Virginia!
And breathe again our blood-sealed vow—
Virginia, West Virginia!
Oh, Freedom! Proud we give for Thee
Our Homes, our Blood, our Whole To Be,—
That thou mayest live, and so through Thee,
Virginia, *Our* Virginia!

HARMAR, O., 1863.

O, AN' YE'RE DEAD.

IMPROMPTU.

O, an' ye're dead, ye're dead, ye're dead!
An' gane awa to heaven,
Wi' never a hand laid on my head,
To tell me I'm forgiven,
My Love—
To tell that I'm forgiven.

Wae, ye're dead, ye're dead, ye're dead!
Wi' never ane kiss for me,
An' awfu still in ye'r leal, leal breast
Is the heart that broke for me,

My Love—
The heart that broke for me.

O, an' ye're dead, ye're dead, ye're dead!
Oh, lips kiss back one kiss:
Wauk—O, awauk, my brain it reels—
Be anything but this,
My Love—
Be anything but this!

O, an' ye're dead, ye're dead, ye're dead!
And done to death by me;
Your grand warm heart I won and broke,
Shuts out my God frae me,
My Love—
Shuts out my God frae me.

O, an' ye're dead, ye're dead, ye're dead!
My head on your breast like stone,
An' my hair a' over your braw, braw face,
I'll speak to thee alone,
My Lovs—
I'll speak to thee alone.

Ye're avenged! I love you now,
Ye that have died for me,
With the fearfu love a woman loves,
When she loves a' hopelessly,
My Love—
As I too late love thee!

LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

What art thou?
"LIFE," one answered; and I looked again
To see what Life was like. The one stood there,
Knitted like iron; and his clothes were made
As least should incommode him; strong and firm
He grasped an axe, as one who should strike down
All opposition; on his shoulders sat
A massive head, with a true eye, grand front,
And bland, decided smile. "Yes, I *am* Life,"
He answered strong—"my Mission here is this:
To beat down opposition in the path
That leads to heaven; to raise the heavy load
From him who pants beneath it."

HARMAR, O., 1863.

SPRING TIME.

SPRING, with her misty eyes,
With her old witcheries,
Silent comes on;
Never again will be,
Never she'll bring to me,
That which is gone.

Though her trees smile in white,
They cannot bring delight,
With their rich breath—
Think we of loving lips,
Smileless in that Eclipse,
That follows death!

Though her birds madly ring
Chimes for the Maiden Spring
The whole air round—
Think we of voices far,
Slain by the hand of war,
Never to sound!

Spring is not spring to me—
Only the *space* I see,
That held the *One*,
Whose smile made life appear
Spring-time through all the year—
Dead, dead, and gone!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

NOT GONE.

I.

OH! you're dying away from me,
Though I clutch your clinging hand—
You are fading through the door-way

That opens the Spirit-land!
Your eye gleams strange with lustre,
There's a shining on your hair—
Oh, do'nt go through that splendor,
I cannot follow you there!

2.

You will not, shall not, leave me,
In this drear world all alone;
You'll take all glory with you,
And leave me but to moan.
I could not be a Seraph
And shine in my sun-bright birth,
If I knew *you* sat all lonely
In *my* shadow cast on Earth.

3.

What! do you see the Angels,
Do you love them more than me,
Are you willing to give me up,
That you smile so radiantly?
You wo'nt be happier there
Than *I* can make you here—
They'd love you there—but not, ah,
Not love, as I love you, dear.

4.

You *could* not—God, I thank Thee—
You come back from them to me,

You kiss me with the old warm love—
Oh heaven, can such joy be!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

VIRGINIA WOODS.

1.

OH, woods of Virginia! fair ye grow,
And fairly the winds through your arches blow,
And loud sing the birds in each grand tall tree,
But there speaks a voice through their song to me.

2.

Though in your depths coils the light, soft mist,
Turning your shade into amythist;
Though you look fair as fair may be,
That terrible voice still calls to me.

3.

Tis a voice that sounds down ages gone,
First raised over Adam's murdered son,
Of blood, which from the shuddering ground
Cries with a not-to-be-smother'd sound.

4.

For dark and dead, tho' ye rise so green,

Lies many a form at your feet unseen:
Oh! many a wreck which a soul once man'd,
Done to his death—by a Brother's hand.

5.

Oh! woods of Virginia, fair ye grow,
And fairly the winds through your arches blow,
And they sift the sun-beams down from on high,
But ye cannot light *one* lifeless eye!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

SONG.

WAIT Love, wait!
I am coming fast to thee—
Though Earth's garments clog me still,
Yet I feel the subtile thrill
Of approaching change. Oh, see,
I am coming fast to thee—
Wait Love, wait!

Wait Love, wait!
While I'm pressing on to thee—
Not for me thus wrinkled-browed,
Not this form all sorrow-bowed—
But as when I kissed thee last,
For my age is over-past,
I grow young again—O see,
I am pressing on to thee—
Wait Love, wait!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

NEVER A WORD OF LOVE.

Never a word of love—
Speak to me but of War!
Its black clouds shade my heart,
Its din rolls near and far;
And in my inmost life
Its firey threads are wove,
Binding my every thought—
Talk not to me of Love!

What! when my Country's throat
Is torn by dogs of War!
What! when her Judas-sons
Their Mother's Fame would mar!
Shame on the bearded lip,
Shame on the untanned brow,
That spares an hour—a thought—
On Love of Woman *now!*

This hand you ask me for,
Is white, and small, and fine—
But ne'er in time to come,
Its touch shall rest on thine!
Oh, God, grant Thou to it,
That in the time to come,
It builds the flame of Love,
That lights a Soldier's home!

Proctorsville, O., 1863.

SECRETS.

1.

I KNOW a Lake that sits like glass,
In its willowed-bank all bright with grass—
Never a ruffle swept its breast,
Never a sin had it confessed.

2.

Youth and Maid their way would take,
And blush and sigh by that cool, calm lake;
And age's troubled tears would cease
As their dim eyes surveyed its peace.

3.

But when the Cannonry of war
Tore the shock'd air from the hills afar—
Up from that false Lake's guilty breast,
Where it had lain all unconfessed,—

4.

'Rose a drowned form, with still fixed face,
And brown hair swayed with life-like grace—
So, with dead hands on a dead, drowned breast—
The Lake's hid Secret lay confessed!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

A FRAGMENT.

I AM thinking of the changing—
Of the splendor that you wear,
Of the glory round your forehead,
And the shining of your hair,
Of your robes of wing-like thinness,
In those mansions of the skies,
Of your holy, far resplendence—
Till the tears are in my eyes.

I am sitting with my sorrow
Where you used to sit with me,
And your things are all about me,
Just as *then* they used to be;
You are glad in Angels' Presence,
I am wrapt in Clay on Earth—

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

HERE AND THERE.

TO LEAVE this world were sorrowful, but for
These gladdening consolations. In that Home
To which I'm going there are eyes—shut Here;
And voices we have heard, as musical
They rang through time's small room, now sounding in

The great clear calm of Heaven. All that is There
Does distance what is Here. Here we have light,
That daily dies to darkness; There, the skies
Are lit Eternal; Here, the soft breeze sighs
Till swallowed up by storm; There, never more
Scorches the lightning, jars the quaking shock,
Nor tears the wind; Here, Death and Sorrow sit
And sadden all our feasts; Without Heaven's door,
Impotent, sits Death—Sorrow at his side;
Here, do we miss sweet faces, one by one;
There, do we find them, glad and glorified!
Here, do we wipe pale brows, hold dying hands,
Shudder at ghastly wounds war's hand hath made,
Give up our treasures—crying as each one
Melts from us;
In that Coming, Other home,
That brow gleams 'neath the radiance of a crown,
Those dying hands live into ours, and war
Comes not with leaden clangor; There, our eyes
See our lost treasures,—there is no moth There,
And they are uncorrupted.

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

FAME.

I WILL not wish for Fame—what's Fame, what's Fame?
A crown that settles only when Death's hand

Has done all opposition; when the one,
Who lived the life, who fought the wondrous fight,
Who spoke the fire-full words, has gone from all
That the world strives for. Oh! the World is kind,
Right kind. It keeps its hands shut tight upon
Its penny, while the eager, hungering eyes
Look to it hoping. But these eyes once shut
In what we call Death, *then* the hands unclose,
And heap upon the senseless nothing there,
Mountains of Marble, Pyramids of Praise;
And catch the words up that these dead lips spoke,
And sound them to high heaven!
We are so slow
To own another better, that a soul
Might walk among us with his God-blessed brow
Alight with the great fire of Prophecy—
Think you we'd own it?
There are many souls
Alive among us, who will do their work
All unapplauded; who, when, God's great will
Is worked by them, will hide their heads and die.
Oh! then we'll chant, and praise, and pile up stone—
For dust can't make us jealous, and we can
Afford to laud—a Name! Thus Fame comes down
And glorifies a Nothing!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

WAILING.

Weary, Oh weary, the Sun goes down,
And Night, like a bat, to Earth has flown ;
And the frog's voice vibrates through the air,
And the dew is dripping everywhere ;
And the poplars' guard-like forms are given
By the starless space they mark in heaven ;
And they swing to and fro,
As the winds come and go.

Weary. Oh, weary—The love that is o'er,
Brings night where all was light before ;
And my heart is tense with ceaseless pain,
And my scorching tears fall all in vain—
Thy great true heart by my false hand riven,
Blots out the stars to my eyes in heaven ;
And I sit with my woe,
As the winds come and go.

Proctorsville, O., 1863.

THE DYING HORSE.

Oh, Brother ! lying low—my heart for thee
Weeps, as in this thy last extremity,
Through all the crowd that gape to see thy throes,
Thou turn'st thy solemn eyes in grief on me.

Am I alone with thee in thy dark hour,
When life recoils before the front of Death?
Dost thou, too, *feel* the secret: that when they
We call dumb beasts die, they to other spheres
Move on in the grand line that our feet tread,
As We, to something Higher? Oh! our God!
Our Common Father!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

A WAR SONG.

1.

SOLDIERS—to Arms! See, the night is retiring,
And day his red beacon is steadily firing.
Soldiers—to Arms! in your might and your glory!
Shall not Earth ring with to-day's deathless story?
Make your dumb Cannon peel,
Make your sharp Sabres feel,
Make the strong Foe to reel,
Drunk, with the slaughter!
Soldiers—to Arms! See, the night is retiring,
And day his red beacon is steadily firing.

2.

Soldiers—to Arms! tho' our blood drench our banner,
Glory's own light like a Rainbow shall span her.

Soldiers—to Arms! and remember while fighting,
Millions unborn ye are blessing or blighting:
Strike a brave Freeman's stroke,
Strike as ye fell the oak,
Strike till his strength is broke—
'Mid the great slaughter!
Soldiers—to Arms! tho' our blood drench our banner,
Glory's own light like a Rainbow shall span her!

3.

Soldiers—to Arms! for the Country that bore you,
God has marked out the dread pathway before you.
Soldiers—to Arms! Every Sword starts out gleaming,
Torrents of fire through our pulses are streaming:
Lift high our banner now,
God! hear our Soldier-vow—
Only to Thee we bow—
On to the slaughter!
Soldiers—to Arms! for the Country that bore you—
God has marked out the dread pathway before you!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., June 12, 1863.

ULRIC DALGREN.

OUR eyes are warm with tears to-day,
Made up from love, and pity, and scorn,
Made up from a pride that shall not die,

Made up from a sigh from our bosoms torn;
And these tears flow fast as we think of thee,
Of a heart as brave as is given to men,
That is lying cold in an unknown grave—
Ulric Dalgren!
It was not enough that thou should'st fail,
It was not enough that thou should'st die;
They tore thy young form limb from limb,
And battered thee down with Calumny:
They went from thy dead-browed majesty—
There was but one thing that could harm thee then,
So they lifted the Lie in the face of heaven—
Ulric Dalgren!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

"QUOD POTUI, PERFECI."

ALL the kisses from my mouth,
All the hoping from my soul,
All the laughter from my life,
I have given thee the whole—
Oh, my Country!
All the light in eyes dead now,
All the mighty love of years,
I have given, and I have kept
Nothing to me, but these tears—
Oh, my Country!

Through their flow I know, I know,
Thou shalt live by this same pain—
Had I all back in my hand,
I would give again, again—
Oh, my Country!
Only that thy stars shine clear,
Only that these eyes may see
Thee, "Emanuel's Chosen Land,"
Thee, the Throne of Liberty!
Oh, my Country!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., June, 1863.

OUR UNION VICTORIES.

OH, bend thy brow, Columbia! low,
Thy God has fought for thee,
In this thy mighty struggling,
That Manhood might be Free.
His arm upheld thy battle Flag
Where false lip'd traitors trod,
And guarded thee with flaming sword—
Sword of the living God!

Oh, bend thy knee, Columbia! low—
A God thrilled to the tone,

That rose from thy great agony,
When robbed, betrayed, alone!
Thy Sons leaped to thy injured call,
And reared *that* Flag on high,
Which, had it struck, had been the pall—
Of Human Liberty!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., July 5, 1863.

IMPROMPTU HYMN.

GOD of Love! Thy greatness bow—
See our tears, our full eyes see—
Look! thy children stretch their hands,
Reaching blindly after Thee!
Thou, whose mighty Lovingness
Over-powers infirmity,
Blends our Earthliness with Thee:
Finite, with Infinity!

God of Battles! hear our prayer,
Save our Land in her distress,
Make Thy Mighty Right-Arm bare,
Save us by Thy Righteousness!
Smite our Foes! as in the days,
When Thou ledst thy Children's flight,
With Thy fiery pillars blaze,
Shining through Egyptian night.

Open Thou a path for us
Through the red waves of this Sea,
Deluging our land with blood—
Make our People *wholly* Free!
Lead us safely through the waves,
Firm as they of Israel trod,
Turn our wandering feet to Thee—
Make us Penitent, Oh, God!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., July 5, 1863.

TAKING A BATTERY.

HE turned him in his saddle,
And his proud eye gleamed out then,
He looked with flaming steadiness
On his lines of waiting men.
A smile broke o'er his features,
And a warrior's joy expressed;
(As rays shoot out all golden
From the storm-cloud's dusky breast;)
He saw that they were ready,
Steel to steel they met his eye;
No pulse showed coward beating,
Though they knew that *some* must die.
From out the mighty scabbard

Of that Silence, forth he drew—
Drew the sharp sword of his Voice,
And clave that Hushed-Waiting through!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

SOLDIER'S HOME.

SHE is sitting there in the Cottage door,
Her Soldier will never enter more—
Sitting and thinking of him—
And heavy and oft she heaves a sigh,
And through the great mist in her blue eye,
Her knitting looks blurred and dim.

The sun-lit band on the sanded floor,
The baby is busy in crawling o'er—
Crowing and kicking with glee;
And in his little checked apron there,
A four-year-old boy with brown, curling hair,
Sits watching a honey-bee.

"If he could look in"—she turns her head,
Sees the six chairs, and white-dressed bed,
His proud hand had made for her
When she was a bride—she thinks a prayer—
And looks at the baby crawling there,
And her boy that does not stir.

Where she is sitting, they used to sit,
He with his pipe, awatching her knit;
And down in the grass, worn bare,
Was the very spot his feet had made;
And there flashes from the locust shade
His face set in tumbled hair!

Oh! how can she know his fight complete—
He lays with never a winding-sheet,
Saving the blood that is there—
That his proud strong hand and Soldier feet
Lie still and cold as his true heart beat,
And his unkiss'd, matted hair?

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

SONG.

1.

OH! Love, a heavenly morning
Breaks in your eyes of blue,
The sun of joy is dawning,
And streams its glory through;
And like yon mountain's summit bright,
My life bathes in its holy light.

2.

"I love you," Oh, "I love you"—

Yon joy-drunk little bird
Would fail to hit the music,
That trills in that one word :
That heavenly ecstacy of sound,
That triumphs o'er all bird-songs round !

HARMAR, O., 1863,

JEREMIAH XII. VTH VERSE.

THOU hast run with the footmen,
And art thou not weary ?
Thy garment is earth-stained,
Thy Soul worn and dreary—
And how, when all-powerful
They prance to be started,
Can'st thou run with the horses ?
Oh ! worn and faint-hearted !

If in land of the peaceful,
Wherein thou believedst,
They wearied thee sorely—
Thyself thou deceivedst ;
Or, if thou thy Coward
Faint-heartedness pardon—
Then how wilt thou do
In the SWELLING of Jordan ?

HARMAR, O., 1862.

SOUL TO THE BODY.—No. 2.

Oh, lie thou there poor flesh and blood-cocoon,
While I in fairer garments mount away—
Straighten thee out—I leave—but not too soon,
For age would wither thee with sure decay,
And take the crimson from thy now young cheek,
And blur the clearness of thy happy eye,
And jar the music that thy lips now speak.

Here, let me lay thy hands upon thy breast;
Nor age can palsy them, nor toil deface;
Whatever might have been—this *is* the best.
No tears shall wet again thy young, bright face,
Never thy heart shall know the dart of pain,
Never the soundless woe too deep for tears,
Never the love that wastes itself in vain
Through the long withering of coming years.

Thou art spared this; when shuts thy glad, blue eye,
Tears shall not know them. Thou shalt go to rest;
And from thy form, daises shall spring on high,
And stir in beauty o'er thy stirless breast.

Proctorsville, O., 1863.

RESURGUM.

I feel, I feel my Immortality

Leap up within me, longing to be free ;
I feel the glowing life, the glowing sense
Of its fast nearing, glad ascendency !
The leash of flesh yet holds me, and, tho' gay
With flowers of youth and love, I only know
The growing Longing of that Purer Life
Wrestless within me—and I pant to go.

Undo the bars, sweet Death ! Oh, loose the leash,
And I will bound with glowing heart and feet
Into the Loosened Soul's Rare Atmosphere—
Where Righteousness and Peace together meet !

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

"TEN TALENTS."

1.

BLOW bright—it was a grand, warm heart
Your nodding over ;
Blow bright ye varnished buttercups,
And pink-mouthed clover.

2.

The warm sun shining from above,
And lingering over,

Not warmer is, than shone his smile,
Nature's fond lover.

3.

His love, the God-head's frailest work,
Hung glistening over;
And round among our fallen race,
Would bird-like hover.

4.

Would cheer the bowed, when run their cup
Of trembling over;
And with the leaves of Charity,
Dead wrongs would cover.

5.

Reading in Vice's rejected pleas,
What we look over;
The stifled sob, the smothered prayer,
He would discover;—

6.

Would stretch a hand o'er Sin's dark gulf,
To lead them over.

* * * * * *

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

ENGLAND.

Oh, we will remember you, England!
When the fullness of time has come,
The Eagle shall swoop from her eyry,
Like a bolt—from her star-girt home.
And the wrath in her eye deep burning,
Will be lit by a mighty wrong;
And a strength be nerving her talons,
That Vengeance gives to the strong.

That hour we'll be thinking, England,
Of the blood you have helped to flow,
Of the lives you have helped to slaughter,
And the brave heads you've helped to lay low.
There's blood on your guilty threshold,
It is reddening your Ermine-gown,
There is blood on your Lion-Scutcheon,
And 'tis staining your Jeweled Crown!

'Tis the blood of our Brothers! England—
And we read in the crimson shine,
That never again with old-time-love,
Our hands can be shutting with thine;
'Tis the blood of a dark race trodden
By your strong foot into our land,
And you'd hurl them back, when Manfully
They are wielding a Freeman's brand.

You have struck at the heart of Freedom,

You have beaten our love away ;
But a God will strike through bondmen's arms,
When they hew unto Right a way.
You will know this—Oh, "Neutral" England !
For forbearance now cast away—
There's weaving a rope of black and white,
And its *lash* you will *feel* one day !

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

A CLOUD.

IT smote the zenith like a hill of fire,
Its red effulgence rising higher, higher ;
And day from out her endless treasures shed
A golden snow upon its regal head ;
The green hills caught the glory and sent back
Their crimson features on the water's track—
Then 'mid the breathless beauty Everywhere,
Straight shot a bird through that prismatic air ;
Swift with intent it flew, no stop, nor stay,
Toward that entrancing beacon far away.
Oh ! if long years could into moments melt,
And they be filled with joy like that she felt,
When winging with firm faith she hoped for rest
In the warm foldings of that Cloud-hill's breast :
Until the vision broke, Joy winged her on—

But when it broke—all happiness was gone;
And downward with a sorrow in her breast
She sank—
Dost thou not know, not read the rest?

PROCTORSVILLE, O., Aug. 1863—at Sunset.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

THE locust's tapering song is in my ear,
And the red sun is setting round and clear
Through the warm haze of this September day.

The song dies off—and now the cow-bells sound,
And the Great Sun drops luminous and round,
And looks out at me, a half open eye;

Then shuts behind the hill. Earth grows to me
Like some dear face seen dim with memory,
That will be plain when God's Great Morn shall break.

And I sit here—few years upon my brow,
But more within my heart, from seeing how
God's purposes are working in our Land.

How out from Wrong He quarries forth the Right,
How from our Country's Wickedness and Blight,
He makes the scale of things hang evenly.

For ours was Youth, and Pride, and Wealth, and Fame,

And Freedom, with a Stricture on the name—
Our Land "fared sumptuously every day."

She sat in the high places among Lands,
The Sword of Freedom glittering in her hands,
But Chained Men writhed underneath her feet.

A Stain was on her Flag, afloat on high,
The Mote of Slavery blotted her clear eye;
Her veins ran Poppy-Juice, and Wrong crawled on;

And Women choked their sobs the lash to stay,
When Traffic sold their children far away;
And the dumb Earth with hopeless tears did sow.

A harvest has sprung thence—Behold, behold!
The "hand-breadth cloud" to vast dimensions rolled,
And War, full-vigored, leaping to his feet!

Now Freedom starts—her lethargy is o'er—
She Raises, *Arms* the men she Chained before,
And kindled Manhood on their dark brows sets.

The War tramps on; the air is thick with cries,
Like those of Egypt in her agonies,
When her first-born fell by a like decree:

For, by our windows Death has entered in,
And in our Palaces his foot has been,
And our young men are cut from off our streets.

We wail, we pray, we weep above our dead,

The ashes of spent hopes are on each head,
We pray through grief we may be purified.

We cannot see, for the thick smoke of War,
We cannot hear, for the loud Cannon-jar,
We only *feel* a Hand leading us on.

The ground grows firmer underneath our tread,
That Hand's great warning on the wall is read,
And Thy great Chastening shall not be in Vain.

Oh, God! whose scourgings are in mercy sent,
We thank Thee, for the Compass Thou has lent:
For our great Leader, Abraham—"the Just!"

Lead him and us, though worn and tempest-toss'd;
Draw us (our Pride in dust, our Idols lost)
Back to the day-break of Thy Mighty Love!

The moon glides up among the waiting stars,
A golden thrill runs through the gray cloud-bars—
So shall white-footed Peace rise on our Land!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., Sept. 15, 1863.

INDIAN SUMMER.

AS WE had watched a loving life die out,
And shut the lid down on the glazing eye;
And *felt* the monstrous Ache which swells the heart

In the first Loneness of its agony ;
If in that moment when our soul is strained
To catch the gone one, the dear hand should rise,
The eyes unclose, the soul give a last gleam,
And then die out indeed—'Twere like to thee,
Oh, Indian Summer!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., Nov. 1863.

II. KINGS, II. VITH TO XIVTH VERSE.

THEN said Elijah unto him,
"Tarry, I pray, Elisha here ;
The Lord's Great Will has sent me where
The Jordan's waters runneth clear."

Then looked Elisha, and he said :
"As the Lord liveth up on high,
As thy soul liveth—hear me now—
The world may leave thee, but not I."

A glory lay on Jerico—
A glory where their feet had gone,
And glimmered through Elijah's robe
A glory—and they Two went on.

Then out from Jerico there went,
Sons of the Prophets, fifty men,
And stood them off afar to view,

And they Two, stood by Jordan then.

Elijah took his mantle off,
Wrapped it together by that tide;
He smote the waters, and they were,
Hither and thither, parted wide.

And by those God-held powerless walls,
They walked on dry ground firmly through;
And glimmered through the Jordan's bed
The footprints of that holy Two.

And then it came to pass, that when
They were gone over, straight-way turned
Elijah, and his forehead flamed,
From fires that in God's Presence burned:

"Ask thou what I shall do for thee—
Here, in this earnest, awful hour—
Before I shall away from thee,
I—Be taken by resistless power?"

"I pray Thee, then," Elisha said,
"A double portion upon me,
Of thy blest spirit—this I ask,
This, *this*, Elijah, let it be."

Then said he, "thou hast asked of me
A hard thing; but never-the-less,
If thou dost see me when I am
Taken from thee in Gloriousness;

If to thine eye these things be clear,
Then so it shall be unto thee ;
But if not, if thine eye be sealed—
The thing thou ask'st shall never be."

And then it came to pass as they
Still wended on, and wending, talked—
Behold ! where down the dizzy air
A sudden path of Glory walked,—

Appeared a Chariot of fire,
And flaming horses snorted there,
And parted both asunder—then
Elisha spread his arms in air !

Elijah with his Prophet-brow,
All light now that Earth's bonds were riven,
Mounted the Chariot which went up,
Borne by a Whirlwind into heaven !

Elisha saw it, and he cried,
" My Father, Oh, my Father—lo !
The Chariot of Israel—
The horsemen, too, thereof—I know !"

The air waxed dull, and cold, and lone,
He saw Elijah's form no more—
Then took he hold of his own clothes,
And in two pieces swiftly tore.

He raised the Mantle from the ground,

That from Elijah's shoulders fell,
And back he turned where tossing high,
The loosened waves of Jordan swell.

He raised the Mantle from the ground,
That once Elijah's shoulders bear,
And Smote the Waters, and he cried:
"The Lord God of Elijah—Where?"

He Smote the Waters also then—
They staid their flow, and mildly crept
Hither and thither—parted wide—
And in their solid ranks they slept.

And luminous the track he made,
When over Jordan's bed he trod;
The waves stirred not, the ground stood dry,
For back Elisha walked with God!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., Nov., 1863.

MOTHER.

1.

WOMAN! with the cheek flushed faint,
And the aspect of a Saint.
Earth without a sinful taint.

2.

Looking back thy face I see

Through the dim obscurity
Of the arch of memory ;

3.

And a bearded man I bow,
As I meet thy lighted brow,
Younger far than mine is now.

4.

Face, not seen since baby-tears
Wet my eyes—Oh ! the long years
Down whose path thy smile appears !

5.

Mother, has thy sainted breast
Lost its deep love in the Rest,
That God giveth to the Blest ?

6.

Have the years since thy last kiss,
Brought me utter woe like this ?
Mother's love annulled in bliss !

7.

No—no—no—that doubt is done—
Thou wilt not forget thy Son,
Who is agonizing on.

8.

Oh ! thy kiss my mouth to bless,

For I need thy gentleness,
And thy love's fierce tenderness!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

A SNOW-FLAKE.—IMPROMPTU.

NOW THOU floatest downward, like a Spirit
Who the woe of manhood must inherit:

Oh! thou liest pure, and white, and gleaming,
Like the Spirit in a child's eye beaming:

Woe! In Earth is lost thy saintly nature,
So the Spirit when absorbed by Creature:

Lo! thou shinest in the Bow of Heaven,
So the Spirit when it is forgiven.

PROCTORSVILLE, O., Jan. 19, 1864.

MY COUNTRY,

LO! HOW thou standest footed firm on earth,
My Country—*stronger* for this second birth;
For thou wast born when to the destined shore
That "May-Flower" vessel Freedom's Spirit bore:
This was a Spirit that evolved a Form,
When Error fell 'neath Revolution's storm;

And our True Fathers spread each untried sail,
Each inch of Canvass to outride the gale :
Bravely they rode through it, to the calm sea,
And raised their Flag, a Magnet for the Free !
And fair it gleamed above thy new-born brow,
Oh ! fair it gleamed—but not so fair as *now !*
Thou wert baptized with blood of Hero-men,
And Woman's prayers and tears glad offered then ;
And God hath owned thee—led thee by the hand,
As though thou wert indeed, "Emanuel's Land."

It needs no aid from tongue like mine to sing
Of wrongs, which always their recoil will bring ;
Beholding thee, to eyes tho' prejudiced,
The truth cannot be hid, the moral missed.
Thou standest, Oh, my Land ! I see thee now—
The sweat of earnest work upon thy brow ;
Thy arm is bared, thy muscles all displayed,
And in thy hand gleams Retribution's blade ;
Stern glare thy eyes, thy bearded lip and cheek,
Are fixed as granite—swerveless wrath they speak !

And is this He, who but five summers back,
Saw coming—in their wake a hope-bright track—
Ships ladened with hearts pressed by bondage-foot,
Whose Hope in our new Freedom struck its root ;
Thousands on thousands teem upon his shore ;
Only to beckon on the thousands more ?
Can this be He who heard the hammers ring,
And heard with pride the driving spindles sing ;
And held the keys of Trade, and was the King

Of all that Industry from Earth can bring;
Who saw before his eyes, new States unfold,
And Corn o'ertop the Prairie-daisy's gold?
But He was crowned with joy, and too great wealth
Clogged the true vigor of his life-blood's health;
And He, in the clear laughter of his eye,
Had nothing of the Warrior's ecstacy.
His counsellors were those who raised to him
The glass, when poison slept beneath the brim;
A cup that must resolve through woe and pain,
Unfettered Freedom into Chains again!
THIS IS NOT HE!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., Feb. 1864.

THE ALABAMA.

HURRAH! for the *English* Corsair barque,
That has set the high seas blazing—
For unarmed ships shall prowl no more,
Her Rebel flag upraising;
For fathoms deep with her last gun fired,
She lies where the Yankees sent her,
And her shattered hull shows record dark,
Where the Yankee gunners rent her.

Hurrah! did you think O, "*Neutral*" Powers!
That the Lord's right arm was covered;

Or that Yankee wrath was dulled by time,
Or that Yankee guns were smothered ?
That ye dared play with the Eagle's rage,
When his Eye was red and burning ;
And his Talons clutched the bolts of War,
And his Breast the storm was spurning !

Ho ! for the fight that was fought that day,
When the world was looking on them ;
And ho ! for the Cause and Victory,
And the Gallant Men who won them.
And hurrah for the Stuff of the Puritans,
And the Sons who their fire inherit,
For the Stock of the May-Flower Winslow,
Was primed with a hardy spirit !

Oh ! grand was the day of that circling fight,
And the Pirates' expiation,
And the blood, and flames, and wrongs avenged,
In that Stroke of an incensed Nation.
But dark lowers the day that comes apace.
Ye Nations as false as Judas—
When your mad Mask shall be torn away,
With which you would fain delude us.

Mad—for ye sit on the Crater's lips,
And batton them down with rushes ;
But Freedom will burst your puny bands,
When a People's wrath uprushes.
Freedom forever, for all and each—

It is coming near, and nearer—
Its Grand Dawn reddens Europe's sky,
And its ringing tread sounds clearer!

WELLSBURG, West Va., July, 1864.

EASTER.

THOU art the Christ, we know Thee now—
We know that raised God-gleaming brow;
'Tis Thou! the spear-torn side me see,
That hung o'er doomed Calvary.
Thou! Thou! Thine eye divinely gleams,
A whitened radiance round Thee streams;
Heaven girds Thy head—no thorn-crowned brow—
Thou art the Christ! we know Thee now!

Thou art the Christ! Thy rended tomb
Arches with hope our path of gloom;
Thy holy hands still reach to bless,
With more than Angel pityingness—
Before Thy feet Arch-Angels bend,
On Thee, slain Lamb! heavens' joys attend;
No Night can be where shines that brow—
Thou art the Christ! we know Thee now!

Thou art the Christ! around Thee rolls
The joyful songs of Truth-lit souls:

Oh! Son of God! around Thee flame
The splendors of the Father's Name:
Yet all this Glory doth not dry
The Human tears that wet Thine eye!
Thou art the Christ! Oh joy! we bow—
Thou art the Christ! we know Thee now!

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1864.

DUSK.

NOW THROUGH the purplish evening
Darteth the quivering fire-fly,
Like some hid sparkle that leapeth
Up to the wild breeze's blowing.

Down through the trees Princely arching
Look the great stars, like the glancings
Sent forth from eyes we remember—
Set in love's zenith forever.

On the smoothe air with a start, there
Cometh the song from a Sparrow,
Swinging, and looping, and coiling—
Wildly festooning my fancy,

With the Old tones of its loving,
With its wild tremble of gladness,

With the long woe of its grieving,
With the despair of its waiting.

Night in its grandeur is deep'ning,
Sinketh the dew on the lilies,
While my tears echo the star-light,
Riseth a hope, and it crieth:

"After the darkness the gleaming,
After the crying the gladness—
God broods his children forever
Under the wings of his loving!"

NEW YORK CITY, 1865.

THE OLD FLAG'S FLYING.

FLING the same old Flag from the same old staff,
And kneel in the dust when ye do it;
The Earth and the fullness thereof is God's,
And His Mighty Will worketh through it!
Four years to-day under Rebel feet
The Stars and Stripes were lying—
Now kneel in the dust, and every tongue
Thank God, for the Old Flag's Flying!

Oh! fast fell the tears of the men that day,
Who had wrestled to do their duty;
They will stream again when that Flag is gone

Aloft in its glorious beauty !
They know each hole, they could place each rent—
But they read, (though hot tears' quiver,)
That the Stars are there, and the Stripes are there—
And, *There they shall be—Forever!*

Ho ! thunder applause from the very guns,
That Old Moultrie once turned upon her ;
Let Pinkney and Johnson rouse, and wake
Their Cannon, and roar to her honor ;
Let Wagner join with her iron tongues,
Let boom unto boom replying,
Echo the prayer of a kneeling Land—
Thank God for the Old Flag's Flying !

Flying—and under her Conquering sway
No Slave shall be hounded, or driven ;
But Broad as the Earth shall her Justice be—
And her Mercy—as high as heaven !
Flying—and prone in the very dust
Her foes in her shadow tremble ;
And woe to those, who in this her hour,
Have dared to insult, or dissemble.

Army ! who sleep where heroic ye fell,
In a deafening War-clang dying ;
Army ! who wounded, and battered, and worn,
Face the World with a Front defying ;
Living and Dead ! let it shake your ranks,
And thrill through your souls ne'er dying—

It waves—it waves over Sumpter *now*—
Thank God, for the Old Flag's Flying!

And shall never strike, while a spark of fire
In the veins of her Sons shall quiver;
But shall aye stream forth in the teeth of wrong,
A luminous Beacon forever!
Speaking to Kings on their Swaying Thrones
With a Daniel's Voice—stern crying:
"The People's Standard Shall Not Come Down"—
Thank God! for the Old Flag's Flying!

WELLSBURG, West Va., April 14, 1865.

OUR MURDERED PRESIDENT.

WE Mourn! we Mourn! our hearts cry out for thee;
Oh, thou beloved as no man hath been—
That lieth in thy Murdered Majesty,
Calm-brow'd and Smiling 'neath the hand of death!
What is the Spring to us, now Thou art not?
Or what the ringing shout of Victory?
Or thought? save this—through tears that fall like rain—
That thou shalt never lead our van again.

For we loved thee so, we did not know,
'Till stricken by the foe thou would'st befriend,

What thou wast to us; by this Mighty woe
That turns strong men to women; by the gush
Of these hot tears; and by the ceaseless ache,
And the quick blood stirred by thy very name—
We own the secret of thy powerful sway,
Which doth not wane, though Thou art torn away!

To-day, within the tomb we lay thee down—
Oh, Great High Priest of Charity's white shrine,
Servant of Him who wore the Thorny Crown—
They slew thee at the altar! Fools and Blind—
Who now shall plead for them? Thy latest thoughts
Were Love and Mercy towards a fallen foe;
Thy prayer—the prayer of Christ went up anew—
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

There is no wrath pent in the human breast,
Like that of Generosity abused:
This crowning grief that holds all else in rest,
Will turn to Fury in a Nation's heart!
Woe! to a people whose assassin-hand
Asked bread, and got it—striking dead meanwhile
The Mighty Heart that gave. Oh! stop the claim
Of Brotherhood—Did Cain not wear the same?

"To hold, to occupy, and re-possess,"
Was thy projected Mission. This is done—
For gleams our Eagles in their fearlessness;
And every State wheels back to the old line.
'Twas thine to see it; Thine for once to sit

In the State-Chair of Treason's Capitol—
To hear black forms that late in Slavery trod,
Hail thee, "Deliverer," in the name of God!

And then thy work was done. The dark doom sped.
('Twas the same day on which the Christ was slain—
On which, that man might live, He bowed his head;
And the great vail was rent, and the dead rose:)
Meekly to the assassin's stroke it sank,
Thy martyred head, and poured its blood with those
Who to their Land their generous heart's blood gave—
To save her—though "themselves they could not save!"

Farewell! Farewell! Oh, thou wert too pure
To guage the falseness of the Rebel heart.
No change can touch Thee now; no sin allure;
No blot can mar the whiteness of thy life;
Safe in Thy Rest. While we with blow on blow,
Thinking of thy dear blood so meekly shed—
Crash on their heads this thunderbolt of doom:
No rest, no peace, no refuge, and no home!

Farewell, Farewell, forever more Farewell!
Oh, Thou beloved as no man hath been;
No Name shall gleam like Thine—a Mighty Spell
Wherever Freedom is, or longs to be;
Wherever dark feet crowd toward the light,
Blessings shall hallow every thought of Thee:
And coming time shall lift thy deathless Name—
Farewell to Thee—but never to thy Fame!

WELLSBURG, April 29, 1865.

HALF DONE.

THE work is but half done—no time for rest—
No time for blind-eyed generosity—
Finish the work; a Traitor's fate invest
With a dread moral; not to be misread;
Finish the work, that no forth-coming time
Be cursed with treason as our own hath been.
Show to the simple, treacherous, and bad,
A Retribution, terrible and sad!

For Treason *is* a Crime; and prisoned men
Tortured, and starved, and goaded unto death,
Cry out to us from their rude graves again,
Where bone by bone they dropped from Inanition!
Cry out to us with awful dumbing voice,
Sharpened with hunger, pain, and agony:
"Our blood be on your heads; on you our woe,
If, having power, you let the guilty go."

Rouse to the danger! rouse if you are Men!
Trust not their suppliant hands, and downcast eyes,
These are the hands that smote the Nation, then;
These are the eyes that saw our poor boys starve—
Shall each go scathless? Then were Law, no Law;
Justice, no Justice; and a Crime, no Crime.
The Leopard's spots do all unchanged remain—
And men thus false, will ne'er prove true again.

Mercy for the Deluded; but for those

Who *knew* the Right, there must be punishment.
Shall they again have power to work fresh woes?
Have power to lead the Nation they betrayed?
No, never! let the Suffrage be for those,
Proved true to Justice, and to Liberty.
These cast Allegiance off with deadly hate,
Now, them, let a wronged Land repudiate.

Half done—not more than half; crouched at your feet
Lies the poor trampled negro, you unchained;
Oh, raise him up, and let his crushed-brow meet
The light, God made for him as well as you.
We wronged him fearfully; and unto us
A burden of Contrition should belong.
"The last shall be first," sounds from afar—
And this may be—strange things have been, and are.

Forward, Oh, Countrymen! in God's great name—
Finish the contest thoroughly; and scorch
A brand on Treason, that shall speak in flame
A warning to Transgressors. Root and branch
Tear out the treason from the hearts of men,
Or leave them fangless, powerless, and accursed—
A mocking to the Nations—till we see
An End of Traitors, and of Treachery!

WELLSBURG, West Va., May, 1865.

EDWARD EVERETT.

And he is not, for God has taken him;
And we shall miss his words—solemn and burning;
And we shall wait with straining eyes and dim,
To catch some light from his bright soul returning;
To catch some sinctilations streaming thence,
From the sheathed splendor of his Eloquence.

Men *feel* a Great Soul die—a lesser shock
Than that by which Jerusalem was shaken
When One was lifted up; yet like to it—
Then we from all life's petty dreams awaken,
And look with longing eyes, and lonely breast,
Where that Soul set in Death's Mysterious West.

Let the Land mourn! Upon his lips the power
Of Patriot, Sage, and Orator, was blended;
And Mighty Thoughts, made warm with human Love,
From the pure altar of his mind ascended;
And through each theme one saw forever wind,
The rich chain-lightning of a Poet's mind.

His was a Life of earnest, patient work,
Of doing good to every human creature;
And in his Life August, and Steadfast Way,
Humanity could find no better Teacher,
Of how Life's narrow pathway can be trod,
Lit by a Christian's steady Faith in God.

But he sleeps well—Old Massachusetts folds
Him to her breast beneath her rocky boulders;
Not the Least loved of her historic dead
Is he; her child who in her bosom moulders—
That man, at thought of whom our quick tears start—
Age on his forehead, Childhood in his heart.

No more, no more—Our tears are falling now—
Missing thee from the paths of life forever.
Oh, long tried soul, that walkest strong and fair
Through God's high archways, dimmed by sorrow never—
Thy body shall with dust be buried o'er,
But thy loved Name shall live forevermore!

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1865.

BYRON.

INTO his hand God put a Harp of Might—
He smote it, in a Strain that set Earth ringing.
Oh! better had he sung Life's Song aright,
And God's great Truths with master-hand been flinging
In Showers of Light. But though he struck too much
The low bass chords—a better Nature
Gleamed through the vocal lightning of his touch.

WELLSBURG, West Va, 1865.

RATIFICATION OF THE XIIITH AMENDMENT.

LIBERTY! Freedom! forever and ever—
Glory to God, and Amen, and Amen—
Broke is the poison cup, gone is its venom,
Ne'er shall its subtlety dupe us again.
Thunder the watch-word from sea unto sea:
Liberty! Liberty! All Men are Free!

Beautiful Land! with thy wide open portals,
Risen anew from thy Trial of Blood—
Clasp to thy proud breast thy Heroes Immortal—
It was for *this*, that they fell where they stood.
Sound from thy battle-fields, mountains and sea:
Liberty! Liberty! All Men are Free!

Liberty! Freedom! Come higher, Oh Brothers!
Lift your dark brows that no Treachery stains;
Black hands and White hold the bloody old banner,
Streaming Defiance to Lashes and Chains;
Roll it in thunder from sea unto sea:
Liberty! Liberty! All Men are Free!

Stream, Oh, thou Banner! blood-stained and anointed;
Scream, Scream, Oh, Eagle! unfettered and free—
Jar to their centers the musty Old Kingdoms,
Where the Oppressed and Down-Trampled be.
Scream it in glory from sea unto sea—
Liberty! Liberty! All Men are Free!!

NEW YORK CITY, 1865.

WAITING.

For a foot that will not come,
For a song that will not sound,
I hearken, wait, and moan alway,
And weary months go round.

Oh, never again the world,
With her throbbing minstrelsy
Of ocean, bird, and reedy wind,
Can match those sounds to me.

In the Angels' chant of heaven,
And adown its flashing street,
My heart shall single out that song,
And know that touch of feet.

New York City, 1866.

GENIUS.

The path of Genius is a track of fire;
And thorns are growing by it. It is showered
With tears from lonely eyes; and all its winds
Whirl the soul-cries of those that tread therein:
For these, around whose heads Fame's stars are bound—

These, whom to emulate we glad would die—
Are they on whom God lays His fearful loads,
'Neath which they toil and stagger toward the end,
While each heart-string beneath its tension cracks;
And we sit at the foot of Fame's great hill,
And see their Shining Foreheads as they pass!

NEW YORK CITY, 1866.

DUTY.

BEING! with the Lion-eye,
And the lip of Majesty;
With a meaning graven on
Thy stern features set and wan—
Why athwart my happy path
Haunts thy Presence like a wraith?

"I am Duty," straight he saith—
"If thou canst endure till death;
If for me thou canst bear pain,
Giving—asking naught again;
Working—though no prize you see—
Gird thyself, and follow me!

It may be that not for thee
Shall one hearth blaze merrily;
It may be that love may fail,

It may be that light may pale—
Yet thy conscious soul shall be
Higher, with each Mastery!"

And I took the flower of love
From the garland I had wove;
And I took my youth and grace,
All I had of form or face—
Saying—though till death it be—
Take them—I *will* follow thee!

Back he gave my flower to me,
Ray'd with Immortaility;
And the rugged way seemed bright
On my earnest, mournful sight:
Glory lighted all the place,
Duty, wore an Angel's face!

New York City, 1866.

I SAW THEE THEN.

I saw thee then—my soul had gone
Up the white heights of prayer;
I caught the streaming of thy robe,
I caught the gleaming of thy hair;
Deep love lay shining in thy eyes,
And from thy mouth a song,

Like thy old tones, immortal dress'd,—
Echoed the hills along.
It sang "I live, I love thee still,
Love stronger is than death!"

NEW YORK CITY, 1865.

SONG.

THEY loved each other for life and death,
Though no one knew it, low nor high;
They scarce knew it themselves; nor why
The ever ready tears sprang up
With their hot, sharp pain:
They met, and loved, and went their way—
But not to meet again—
Oh, no—
Never to meet again!

They met, and loved, and they went their way—
But oft within the midnight camp,
And oft beneath the festal lamp;
E'en while the stern command leap'd forth,
And when the foot was poised to dance,
Would the strong voice fail,
The poor heart shrink in dumb pent woe,

And crimson lips grow pale—
Oh, lips—
Never to meet again!

I wonder how they shall bear this pain—
Oh, pray with me that they stand fast—
And God—He notes from first to last—
And He shall join in endless clasp,
Loves that keep true through life and death—
It will all be well
In the place, whose joy, and truth, and love,
No living tongue can tell—
Thank God!
No living tongue can tell!

NEW YORK CITY, 1866.

EIGHTEEN SIXTY-FIVE.

ERE to the past thou goest—Year that hast nowhere a compeer,
Turn upon us thy head, a-light with the crown of the chosen!
Have we not lived in thy life, have we not wrestled and suffered—

Hast thou not lived in our hearts, our souls, and our pulses?

Pause in thy going from hence, so calm, and solemn, and kingly,
Into the niche historic, where thou shalt o'ertop all ages!
Live thy life back again while still we can call thee our Brother—
We cannot bear to go away from thy face forever!

Grandly thou turnest back—and Lo! as we meet thy full glancings—
Flash from their lairs the Scenes that are writ with a pen immortal;
Earth and Ocean again to the deeds of our warriors vibrate;
Still through the Nation's veins dash the moulten seethings of battle.

Haughtily scowleth the foe, and mutters his imprecations;
Darting his leaden fangs into ranks that but form the denser:

Now towards the Rebel center labor victorious legions;
Sherman up from the Sea with his Lions, sweltering and dusty;
Ominous fire in their eyes, ominous strength in their trampings;
Downward, and onward, and round, sweep the war-riddled "Army Potomac."

Richmond sits in her Scarlet, and Chivalry blusters and trembles ;
Richmond sits in her ashes, and Black men pace on her Ramparts ;
Fair flies the Flag as dawn ; our Eagle elate and unshackled,
Perches and screams Defiance above the cursed walls of Libby !

Northward, and Eastward, and West, spreads the great flood-tide of glory ;
Southward it rolls, and breaks with a flash round the walls of Sumpter ;
Up goes *that Flag!* The Morn that had been so long in its coming,
Reddens the sky, and gilds the grass, and lightens the peaks, with its presence.

So stood the Spring on that morning that blazed with a sheeting of Splendor ;
And the great heart of the Nation shook with a joy ecstatic ;
And the glad bells cried out, and the whole air answered with rockets—
Everywhere, praises to God, who giveth all blessings, ascended.

There was *one* patriotic heart that was happy above all measure ;

Pure as a child's, long suffering, tender and mild as a Savior's;
It had been torn, and wrenched, and worn, but never once had faltered:
In that blessed day for it—were crowded ages of heaven.

So stood the Spring that day—and then to the sight of the Nations,
High she uplifted a Form, white, unconscious, and smitten—
Blood dripping down on her robe—she raised this Lamb Sacrificial:
Consummate gift,—that was lain upon Liberty's Altar!

Whether the song-birds came, or whether the young flowers started,
What cared a Nation, whose tears flowed forth like a river?
Heart-broke, we mourned the one we had sheathed in the guise of our Idol;
Bruised, and contrite, and still, we lay in the Hand of the Father!

New York City, Dec. 31, 1865.

COLIE.

Cold, Oh, little friend art thou,
And thy heart with all its loving—

All its little faithful moving—
Lieth still and beatless now,
Colie!

Dim, Oh, eyes that followed mine
With such earnest, fond endeavor,
To perform their master's will—
They shall meet my own, Oh, never,
Colie!

Art thou dead? Oh, is it so,
That to selfish man is given,
All the glorious life to come,
All the gleaming gift of heaven?
Colie!

Life is deathless, thou hast lived;
Love divine, and thou wert loving;
Truth of God, and thou wert true;
Immortality thus proving,
Colie!

Sleep, Oh, friend—if Dog and Man,
Both shall gain eternal splendor,
I shall know the light that lit
Thy brown eyes with glances tender,
Colie!

Bide the time, and if it be
Thou canst at the Doorway meet me,
Heaven will be a brighter place,

If thy pattering feet shall greet me—
Colie!

New York City, 1866.

AND THE LORD LOVED HIM.

And the Lord loved him well through all his sinning,
For never went those eager feet astray
Without a tearful, warm repentance—winning
From God and man a tender sympathy.
And the deep fervor of this grief's beginning,
Made anger lift his wings and flee away.

Yes, all things loved him—and the chewing cattle
Looked into his, with their great searching eyes;
And weak things crept to him when with strong rattle,
The fearful thunder leaped the quaking skies,
And 'mid the straining sound of trees in battle,
Drew comfort from the gleam of his dark eyes.

New York City, 1866.

WEST VIRGINIA'S WELCOME.

A Welcome Berkley, unto Thee
And Thee, Oh, Jefferson—
Let shouts of gladness ring along

The bloody path we've gone ;
Throw down the sword—unlimber guns,
Toss caps into the air ;
Let Cannon roar, and loud hurrahs
Re-echo everywhere !

Come Berkley, with thy willing wealth,
And thy staunch Saxon heart—
Thy hand is hardened by the sword,
Well hast thou played thy part :
And thou, with dinted helm and mail,
And scarr'd, unconquered brow—
First in the Fray, Oh, Jefferson—
The proud words fail me now !

First in the Fray—when wrapt in clouds
God's purposes lay hid ;
And the gray Zealot, grand and calm,
Sat on his coffin lid :
High swung his form—a hooted thing !
And Freemen burned to see
The welcome Fiat leaping forth :
" Go—set the trampled Free !"

Our blood dries on each Southern plain,
Our Mountain Homes lie black,
And weeping women, mourning, stray,
And brave feet come not back ;
And all the blood, and all the tears,
All the true hearts now gone,

And all the howls of baffled hate—
Attest what we have done!

Around me stand my Stalwart Sons,
Deep of war's cup they drank—
These, that in solid rank and file
Kept the Ohio's bank;
These, that Kanawha's waters watched;
These, that by Guyan stood;
And these, my mountain boys, whose sides
Clave the Red sea of blood!

I wear the crown brave hands have twined,
Rubies from loyal blood;
And pearls, from Peace's fair river gleaned
By generous lives and good.
Around me wraps the starry Flag,
Beloved of Liberty—
I lift my brow Unshamed to Heaven—
My Mountaineers are Free!

I welcome ye—be firm and true,
March forward with strong tread,
While Old Virginia hopelessly
Strews ashes on her head—
She would remand us to our Chains,
Us, that she trampled so—
But never in the shell she left,
Can full-fledged Freedom go!

Stand in the Van! Count blood as naught—

Teach children's tongues to say,
That Equal Right for Weak and Strong,
Shall not be wrenched away:
So shall my Mountains shine with Joy,
My Rivers kiss the Sea,
And Traitors lift their heads no more—
And Ye be Nobly Free!

NEW YORK CITY, 1866.

SONG OF FAITH.

Sing me a song of Faith—
My heart is vexed and faint,
And my soul is sick with tears,
And dull'd from sorrows taint.
Pour out the burning words
With rapt prophetic breath;
Sing of the Faith that cannot fail,
That triumphs over death.
Louder! Oh, lift the strain
Till lit with fervor's heat;
Behind the prison bars
My soul's lashed pinions beat,
To burst the bars of death,
To tread with glowing feet

The mystic ground, where eye to eye
Eternities shall meet!

NEW YORK CITY, 1866.

NO VAIN ANTICIPATION.

If I were only straightened in my grave,
I think that all this hopelessness might go,
And all the agony of human love,
And all the aching thoughts that puzzle so;
When—incorruptibility put on—
I tread, with others, that immortal sphere
Of Higher Being, and can look with smiles
On the poor mole-hills piled by sorrow here—
No vain anticipation,
No failing, nor temptation!

The things that I call'd Wisdom, are not wise,
And Wit, and Learning, are but tedious things;
And every Love I held with straining clasp
Smiled, but uplifted its celestial wings
And went into that place whereof the door
Swings open for the weary to pass through—
Swings open at the touch of humble souls—
And I, Oh, worn and toss'd, I would go too—
No vain anticipation,
No failing, nor temptation!

NEW YORK CITY, Feb., 1866.

DASH LOVE UNTO THE GROUND.

Dash Love unto the ground,
He soars again;
His is no coward heart,
No false heart's chain—
Though in thy falsity
Thou wert to me untrue,
Still, Love's fair star I see,
Lighting heaven's blue.

When thy faint love sank down,
Whelmed in Life's sea;
When thy blue eye could turn
Lightly from me;
Rose my proud spirit then,
Stern as rise warrior-men,
Passing from thee again,
Robed in my Scorn.

Go, with thy Shallow heart
Piloting thee,
Pity—not anger now,
Give I to thee.
Only to Souls whose fire
Trouble but lifts the higher
Can holy love aspire—
Not such as Thine!

New York City, 1866.

COUNTRY LOVE MAKING.

They thought that nobody could read,
What everybody could—
Young Bessie and her lover, Jack,
Quite well were understood.

Oh, Love, Oh, Love, thy rosy wings
Shine from thy hiding places;
The dimples of a maiden's cheek
Reveal thy laughing graces.

Her mother read it, when bare-armed,
In busy morning hour,
Bessie demurely ruined all,
And put in Salt for Flour.

The workmen laughed as Jack dreamed on,
And jested as they noted,
How he, to *splicing* everything,
And *joining*, grew devoted.

The Parson marked their fervent eyes,
And thought them hopeful cases—
'Twas only that his dull head broke
The bee-line twixt their faces.

New York City, 1866.

POUR OUT THE WINE.

Hurrah, comrades! wine—let's pass round the wine—
Let's make the old rafters to ring—
And shatter the night with our laughter light,
And the jovial songs we sing.
For the lack of drink, makes a fellow think,
And thinking is sad you know, boys;
So pour out the wine, let its mad-blood shine—
We'll thrill to its fiery glow, boys!

Now, is'nt this gay, to send time away,
And batter his old hour glasses;
Sending death's scythe plump, o'er fence rail and stump,
Ere us he resolves to gasses?
Oh, pour out the wine, let its mad-blood shine,
For it sets a boy's pulse to ringing;
And makes his sick heart, forget its smart,
And deadens old Conscience's stinging.

I love to drink, for whenever I think,
There's a face that hovers o'er me;
With its dark blue eyes, like a Spring sunrise,
And her brown hair shines before me;
And there's sorrow's tear, in her eyes so clear,
But scorn round her red, red lip—
Oh, pour out the wine, let its mad-blood shine,
Till day lights the mountain tip.

Were death in the cup, I would drink it up—

I'm a tired dog at best, boys ;
With the love I had, had I not been mad,
I might, you see, have been blessed, boys.
But she sits to-night, where a hearth burns bright,
And a babe is upon her knee, boys—
Oh, pour out the wine, let its mad-blood shine—
For what is there left for me, boys !

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 1866.

TOO LATE.

IT is too late—the crystal Urn is shattered,
And lies in sparkling fragments at our feet ;
It is too late—and now for aye and ever,
We part—but not as those who part to meet.

It is too late—a love lies dead and shrouded
In the dim chamber where our lives have been,
And solemn forms forever bar the portal,
And neither I, nor thou, can enter in.

It is too late—I fold my empty fingers,
That never more shall feel the touch of thine ;
And turn my eyes to other forms and faces,
And other voices answer unto mine.

It is *indeed* too late ! Pride's hand has settled

On my young heart with an indignant chill,
And to thy well-known voice, or coming footsteps,
No more its pulse would answer with a thrill.

Too late! too late! words of unmeasured sorrow,
That mark the trodden grave of the "has been"—
Too late! too late! the one eternal wailing—
That one wild cry that has no hope within!

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 23, 1866.

BY THE GUYANDOTTE.

BLACK are the clouds my love, my love,
And wild screams the wind to-night;
And my feet are worn, my love, my love,
Let me die 'neath thy eyes' warm light.
Over the rocks where Guerrillas crouch,
And skirting their smoking camps,
I am here at thy door, my love, my love,
Chilled with the midnight damp.

I hear the screech-owl's shuddering sob,
And I hear the Guyan toss,
And the tall trees' whisper comes to me,
Bringing a sense of loss:
Oh, let me in, my love, my love,
Ere my lips in death are dumb;

Oh, let me in, my love, my love,
For the weary miles I come.

Burns no fire on that wide hearth-stone,
Its ashes lay dark with blood ;
And his dying cry " my love, my love"
None heard, save the whispering wood.
The trees have caught the very tone,
And sing round that blasted home,
" Oh, let me in, my love, my love,
For the weary miles I come."

NEW YORK CITY, 1866.

PRAYER.

UNDERNEATH Thy holy evening,
Oh, my God !
I stand—while the dews are dripping
On my hair, and face, and garments,
Like a Blessing dropped from Thee !

If for all the Gifts thou lendest—
Oh, my God !
All my Youth, and Health, and Beauty,
All my power of Mind and Reason—
I can something do for Thee !

Though the work be small and lowly,

Thou, my God!
With Thy Hand a-throb with loving,
Wilt the little gift acknowledge,
That I trembling lift to Thee:

Some sad tear my heart has wept with,
Oh, my God!
Some dark wrong my hand has righted,
Some broke chain my toil has sundered,
Some weak thing that I have cherished—
For the Love of Thee!

NEW YORK CITY, 1866.

FREEDOM.

OH, Freedom! in thy flaming countenance
Let me but gaze till I have caught from thence
A red reflection; and my bravest blood
Leaps through my veins to Thy refulgent eye!
Take me for Thine—let my glad glowing hand
Write out some word to eyes of waiting men,
From Thy Sublime Dictation—
Till, though mean,
I be absorbed in Thy glad Radiance:
Supremacy of Death!

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 1866.

LONELY GREATNESS.

Underneath his brow,
Crowned with the plaudits of admiring crowds,
Glad placed upon it—Oh, the Achingness
That nothing can allay!
There was an eye
Held light as did none other. Was a voice,
Rising with its sweet power above this whir
Of praising tongues. Oh, but for her, for her!
Could she but come down the slant-way of time,
Wrapt in her bloomy-wealth of maidenhood;
Kiss once again his forehead, white with grief,
Saying: "Beloved, thou hast labored well;"
Sit by his student-table as of old,
Till her fair head down dropped in gentle sleep,
And lay one gleaming glory on his knee;
While the far stars throbbed as they used to then.
But this is not for him. No—bays and tongues
Tossing his Fame aloft, and mighty toil—
Unkissed and lonely!
But there comes a time
In a far Land, when a gold head alight
Among the gleamings thrown from the Lamb of God,
Shall sink to his like a bowed lily bell;
And eyes, in whose blue depths forevermore,
His heart shall find the joy that it had lost.

New York City, 1866.

A DIALGUE.

SOUL.

Love—oh, my heart, what means this word : to "love?"
Answer, thou wildly tossed, and trembling thing !

HEART.

"To Love, is but to beat thyself to death
Against the moveless barrier of despair."

SOUL.

Aye, but the sweet, the mad delirium,
That holds our being in its flaming vice,
Making us faint with its intensity,
Stinging our hearts to bleeding—What is this ?

HEART

"This is to Love—to plait a crown of thorns
For the sad forehead of all after life."

SOUL.

What that wild glory, smiting sea and sky,
Drowning the hill-tops with refulgency,
Hanging a golden film o'er some fair face,
Making a tenderness in deep dark eyes—
Is this, too, Love ?

HEART.

"Aye, Men have called it so ;
But, with the death of Youth, it lifts and sails
A mist-wreath—growing thinner—then dissolves."

SOUL.

There *is* a lifting up of better things,

A waving, as of wings aroused in us—
A holy self-renouncing—suffering,
Borne to the bitter end—forgiveness,
Laid upon error—asking nothing back—
But patiently up-bearing everything—
Tell me, Oh, faltering heart—is *this* not Love?

HEART.

"Yea, this indeed *is* Love—white-robed, and crowned
With clinging passion-flowers, enwove with thorns.
This is Immortal—Living through all Change
Of Age, and Pain, and Woe, and Circumstance—
Yea—this indeed *is Love*, the fearless eyed;
Yclept Consummation of Humanity!"

New York City, 1866.

LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT.

Well done—aye, put his dinted harness by,
And hang his sword with pride upon the wall;
Lay low his giant form. This was a Chief,
And he was hacked and beat by many wars,
Through many years. Lay low his giant form,
Upon whose eyes resting so oft on death—
Death's master touch is resting. Put the hands
That have performed so much—upon his breast,
Calm and serene—and then with muffled drums

Bear the old Soldier from Life's battle-field.

A Nation bows her head—not in the grief
Of agonized bereavement as has been;
But in deep homage—quick remembering
When that still hand lifted the Leader's blade;
When this Colossos was her mighty tower;
And when these lips sent forth the battle-cry
That stung the struggling troops to victory
Up Cerro Gordo's heights. Now where he went,
Would her bold eagle cut his swooping flight,
To scream o'er conquered Cities lying low.

Bear the old Soldier from Life's battle-field;
Bear him—"The greatest Captain of his day."
Hedge round his coffin with historic men:
Soldiers and Statesmen—Let Artillery
Tell of its loss. Throw to the air again
The flags his bravery and skill upheld:
Stirs not each tatter with remembered fire?
Leaps not the blood within each faded fold?
Bear the old Lion spent with struggling,
Through a hushed people standing with bared heads.

Statesmen and Chiefs are made of different stuff;
And the most Great are greatest, in one way.
Should we then murmur that he did not wear
The calmer Wisdom of the Diplomat?
His Pens were Swords—his Arguments, the hurl
Of breathless columns on resisting walls;

His Eloquence—the Cannon and the Drum,
And Red Hot Wrestling, and Prostrate walls—
And over all, a starry Flag afloat—
Curling in Triumph to a gazing world!

Nor let the Land with a bowed head forget,
That in her hour Supreme and Desolate,
When most were false, or shuddered back dismayed—
He stood—and round him rallied younger men—
Who trode the path he pointed. Oh, brave sight!
This man! his day and generation done,
Clear cut against the lurid cloud of war;
The same old Flag above him—his spent mind
Flashing aloft its dim, expiring flame,
And shafting to our Present, from his Past!

Aye, Aye, well done, well done—wrap the old Flag,
Warm with fresh glory, round him; lower him
Into his grave a-light with memories,
That shall not be effaced. Let the grim guns
Volley above him their hoarse-throated grief;
Let Earth return to Earth, Amen, Amen—
Ashes to Ashes, and let Dust be Dust
As it has been before; smooth tenderly
The sod above him, and with Reverence,
Resign him to the Never Dying Dead!

New York City, June 1866.

SONG.

A Bride bends low her head,
And the Orange blossoms rustle,
And flowers faint their sweet breath away,
And silken worldlings jostle.
Woe for the heart that has won no love,
And woe for the lips that falsely move !

A Bridegroom bows him down,
In his ear a voice is knelling,
His plighted hand is cold and slow,
The beads of memory telling—
Woe for the heart that has won no love,
Woe for the lips that falsely move !

One in flesh—Two in heart !
Angels are weeping in wonder,
That two whom God together joined,
By Man are put asunder—
Woe to the heart that has won no love,
And woe for the lips that falsely move!

New York City, 1866.

THERE'S BLOOD IN THE STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS.

There's Blood in the streets of New Orleans !

And forty Loyal men lie slain,
And the Rebel heart exulting leaps,
And red right hands are raised again.
There are forty corpses stark and cold,
Their faces washed by women's tears—
There's Blood in the streets of New Orleans—
Terrible cry to startled ears!

There's Blood in the streets of New Orleans!
And whose the crime, and whose the crime?
Who cast this fire-brand into our land?
Speak! let the cry sound to all time.—
Speak! oh North, in thy rousing wrath—
Speak! oh West, with thy murmurs deep—
Rouse from the Peace that is but a lie—
Wake! for your Life—from nerveless sleep!

There's Blood in the streets of New Orleans!
And Traitors are up, and Treason flaunts—
We have warmed its coils, and it crawls afresh,
Coaxed and drawn from its secret haunts;
Fell on the Life of the Nation still,
Fixed its dread fangs, and deadly eyes—
Wake! and arouse from its soothing song—
Wake! arouse from its perfidies!

There's Blood in the streets of New Orleans—
"Treason *is* Crime!" Oh, thou on high,
Trampling a Trust underneath thy feet!
There's a terrible light in the People's eye,

A smouldering wrath in the People's heart—
All the more fearful that it waits—
And Blood in the streets of New Orleans
Wait's for the People's stroke—and Fate's!

New York City, 1866.

FOR HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY

1.

For a City with Foundation,
I labor through Temptation,
I hope through Tribulation,
I gaze through Desolation—
Whose Builder is God!
Whose Maker is God!

2.

High its Pillars and its Arches
Lift and gleam like lighted torches;
High arise its kingly porches,
Open stand its wide approaches—
Whose Builder is God!
Whose Maker is God!

3

What its Joys! no comprehension

Flashes back to thoughts extension ;
But a lifting, like ascension,
Thrills, as glows each fair dimension—
Whose Builder is God !
Whose Maker is God !

New York City, Aug. 1866.

ONWARD.

1.

Cast aside old Recollections,
Grasp the Present by the haft ;
Carve, and Thrust, and Battle onward,
Till the cup of death be quaffed !
Let the cry be Onward—Onward—
Face To-Day, with full drawn breath—
Let the cry be Onward—Onward—
Till we quaff the cup of death !

2.

Oh, to Do, and Dare, and Suffer,
That some Better thing may be ;
Dare to beard a Wrong in purple—
Dare to *Die* for Liberty !
Let the cry be Onward—Onward—
Pledge me, Comrades, deep and free—

Let the cry be Onward—Onward—
Toward a nobler Liberty!

3.

Forward! Forward! West Virginians!
Lead the Van that leads the World;
Life, or Death—aye, let your Lances
On Oppressions ranks be hurled—
Let the cry be Onward—Onward—
Sons of Freedom, pledge with me—
Let the cry be Onward—Onward—
Let us Die for Liberty!

MOUNT WASHINGTON, N. H., 1866.

BUNKER HILL.

I AM beneath the shade of Bunker Hill,
And my Soul stands uncovered. Mighty days
And Deeds repaint themselves, and forming, move
Before my eyes in hues that cannot die.
For, gathering round me eager, bronzed men,
Grasping old flint-locks, fight, and gasp, and die;
But dying, leave a train of so bright light,
That Centuries to come catch the wild gleam,
And reach it on, and on, and on, and on!
The air seems thick with the mad whirl of war,
And dark forebodings, and the struggling

Of Principle, of Freedom, and of Fate!
A moment—and on burning blood and brain—
The Present surges back—I front to-day—
Above, beside me, is an Autumn sky,
And a red maple shedding bloody leaves.

Then, West Virginia! turn my thoughts to thee;
Sitting afar beneath thy golden sky—
Thou, Pilgrim-graft upon the Cavalier!
No stain corrodes thy scutcheon, and thy blood
Has flowed like water for the very cause,
That sanctifies the ground beneath my feet:
The Universal Liberty of Man!
Not Black, nor White—the full Equality
Of all whose hands are innocent of Crime!
Lift up thy hills, let thy sweet waters flow,
Let thy new light shine far and searchingly,
Where the Oppressed and the Oppressors be—
That seeing thy Good Works, thy Faithfulness,
Thy Justice, and thy Patience, men afar
May look to thee, and seeing this thy Light—
May glorify the Power that is in Heaven!

Boston, Sept. 1866.

SOLDIERS' CONVENTION, SEPTEMBER, 1866.

Beat the long roll! Ho, they gather, they gather—

Roused—they are coming to battle again ;
Halting, and bronzed, and scarred, but undaunted—
Beat the long roll, they will rally again !
Stern are their faces, and strained is each muscle,
High beat their hearts, for the struggle draws nigh ;
Theirs is Allegiance to God and to Freedom,
Theirs, but one Watchword—"to do, or to die !"

Andersonville ! has that double damnation
Gone from your minds ? *Are we Brothers again ?*
Have we that Peace, for which breathless and blinded,
Staggered, and battled, a Million of men ?
From their damp brows, who lie low in their glory,
From their dim eyes that are covered by sod,
From their still lips—can we gather no story—
Are we turned Traitor to them and to God ?

Come from the North, with its deep fervor burning ;
March from the West, in its giant repose;
Pour from the East—for, as gathered in Egypt
Thick clouds of locust—are coming your foes !
Fall into line ! by your leaders forsaken—
Prove yourselves worthy to stand for your Cause—
Show to the world, that the People—the People
Only—are Government, Leaders, and Laws !

Beat the long Roll ! Lift again the old Banner—
Conquer the foe, ye have conquered, again ;
Wrest from his hands all the spoils he has gathered,
Draw the sharp line betwixt Traitors and Men.

Let "New Orleans" be your Cry as you rally—
Let "New Orleans" steel each bosom and hand—
Millions, and millions, and millions, are waiting—
Death if ye Falter, or Life if ye Stand!

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 1866.

I KNOW HE IS THERE.

UP the long stair I wind,
A Shadow comes behind—
I gaze not back, ah no, ah no!
But I *Know* he is there—
There is dust on his hair—
But his shining eyes are of Paradise!

I draw him on, and on;
We pass in the twilight wan—
I see him not, ah no, ah no!
But I *Know* he is there;
When the wind stirs my hair,
In his locks unseen,
I *Know* it has been.

His arms I feel not fold,
When round me they are rolled—
I cannot touch him, ah no, ah no!
But I *Know* he is there—

And I say a prayer,
And wait till the whole
Breaks over my soul!

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 1866.

TWO PRESIDENTS.

Two Presidents go forth—
And one is on his bier,
He windeth North, he windeth South,
And his People give no cheer;
But Women weep, and strong Men bow,
For the one that's on his bier.

This President goes forth,
Nor stirreth hand, nor foot;
And Cities rise to welcome him,
But he keepeth ever mute—
And Women wail, and Women weep,
For the one who keepeth mute.

Two Presidents go forth—
And one is full of Pride,
But following hard is a deadly fate
The future cannot hide;
But his wayward tongue no warning takes—
This one so full of Pride.

This President went forth
From a love the People bore,
And the door has clanged behind him,
Never to open more.
For he dashed to earth with reckless hand
The starry Crown he wore!

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 18, 1866.

DEATH SONG.

MY young blood beats hot and high,
And my life will soon be over,
I shall be at rest for aye—
Kiss me, oh my Lover!

Through my brain wild phantoms reel,
If 'tis thou, and not another—
Fold me to your heart of hearts—
Kiss me, oh my Lover!

Low I lie for love of thee,
And my pain is well nigh over;
And I die for love of thee—
Kiss me, oh my Lover!

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 1866.

CAN NOTHING CONTENT THEE?

Can nothing content thee, oh hungering soul—
Fireside, nor loved ones, nor twinkling trees,
Flowers, nor the rush of the wind, nor the breeze,
Lightning, nor tempest, nor thundering seas,
Dashing on sands, and defying control?
Oh, the wild thirst in its agony calling
On the Unknown, to allay its desire;
Oh, the wild grasping, with pulses on fire,
After the Infinite, after the Higher!

New York City, 1866.

SONG.

Like a Rose thrown on white marble,
Slept my Lady yesternight;
All the air was perfume-ladened,
And the dainty Moon shone bright—
Shine bright, oh Moon!
And bring her to me soon.

In her heart, as pure as crystal,
Lay a sleeping thought of me;
And her mouth wreathed into kisses,
Pure, and warm, and maidenly—

Fly, fly, oh Moon!
And give her to me soon!

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1867.

UNTO THE LEAST.

WHEN thy Gift is to the Poor,
Of the Choicest let it be;
"As thou doest unto These,
Thou art doing unto Me."

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1867.

"NONDUM."

CANS'T thou not wait the Lord's good time,
Oh Soul, that pants with thirst?
Is not His hour the hour for thee,
Shall not the tears be first?
And though thy tears fall bitterly,
And storms o'erhang thy way,
His gentle hand will lead for thee,
And wipe thy tears away.

Cans't thou not wait the Lord's good time—
But wait, and thou shalt see,

Rise out of all thy Suffering,
A Crowned Sublimity!
Tread but the King's highway of fire,
With brave and patient tread,
And everlasting Joy shall fall
On thy victorious head!

WELLSBURG, June, 1867.

"POOR CARLOTTA."

IT will ring the wide world over,
This, thy cry, Maximilian!
And will melt to Woman's sorrow,
Soldier and Civilian;
It will send its tone of Pathos,
Weeping on from sea to sea—
This thy cry, oh, Maximilian—
In thy last extremity.

In thy blinded mad endeavor,
That has slowly crumbled down;
In Ambition, that shalt never
Wear the Scepter and the Crown;
We have marked the Consummation,
We have waited for the Doom;
Muffling our Indignation,
In the faith of what must come.

And has come—and thou forsaken—
Dupe—who served the double part,
Of a Schemer without Conscience,
Of a Dastard without Heart—
Drinking of the cup of trembling,
Wringing out the dregs of death,
Moveth all Mankind to Pity,
By the magic of a breath.

WELLSBURG, 1867.

GOD.

WHEN in the labyrinth of Life,
Your heart is sunken down;
When all your Joys, and Hopes, and Faith,
Have lifted wings and flown;
When Love has proved a mockery,
And Life one deepening Night—
Fix your worn eyes on Him above,
And He shall be your Light.

When all the blows you struck for Right
Seem best they had not been;
And all the bread your hands flung wide,
No tide has drifted in;
Still stand—though trembling, bleeding, sore;
Still Strike—and find at-length,

A Glory shall come down on you,
And He shall be your Strength!

WELLSBURG, Sept. 14, 1867.

A STORM IS COMING.

A STORM is coming—Oh, my God!
I feel Thee in the clash
Of heaving trees, and driving cloud,
Of winds that mutter deep, and loud,
And the rain that beats my head:
Thy hands the nervous lightnings braid
Around—and I am not afraid.

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1867.

INDIAN SUMMER—No 2.

A SOFT gray mist, and through its folds appearing,
Are smiles of sky, and sun, and floating cloud;
And hills their phantom foreheads far up-rearing—
Wrapt in their flaming colored Autumn-shroud.
Low lie the flowers, but their sweet souls in going,
Have left a perfume on the drowsy air,
And haunt our memory with recollections

Of their fair forms, that met us everywhere.

Slow line the Cattle from the Meadows homeward,
Their dull feet trampling the crimson leaves;
And like an Indian village left deserted,
Stand grouped the Farmer's russet colored sheaves;
The moving wagons, and the busy horses,
Are softened into Poetry by mists;
And distant barn, and open-window'd Farm house,
Wear the faint coloring of amethyst.

Into the tired hearts of Men and Women,
Cometh a freshness of the years gone by—
And every spirit owns the voiceless Pathos,
That floods the woods, and hills, and sea, and sky.
Tears come into our eyes unsought, unbidden,
A restless longing rises in each breast;
An Everlasting, an Immortal hunger,
To fly away, away, and be at rest!

WELLSBURG, West Va., Oct. 1867.

RADICAL.

WHILE there's a Wrong that cries out for a Right,
While there's an Evil to battle and fight,
While there's a Law that is grinding the Weak,
While there's a word that a Patriot should speak—
Though there be Death, and Destruction to boot—

Radical, Radical, down to the Root!

Down to the Root, where the Evil has birth,
Covered and heaped by the fostering earth,
Let the Sun's light strike it, blazing on high—
Plant a great Truth, and an Error will die:
Prune not the branches, and trim not the shoot—
Radical, Radical, down to the Root!

Radical, Radical, glorious cry!
Lifted by Martyrs and Heroes, on high—
Curbed by defeat, it but rushes more strong,
Bearing the fierce Opposition along—
What unto us is the Sneer, or the Hoot—
Radical, Radical, down to the Root!

Radical, Radical, lift the grand cry—
Back on our path great accomplishments lie—
Others are coming to dare and to do,
Stern Resolution will cut a way through:
Set every muscle, and plant every foot—
Radical, Radical, down to the Root!

Dead! *are we Dead?* You will *feel* us again,
Where the Great Battles are waged among men;
Cramped by no party, but looking on high,
Leading the Van of the world's Destiny:
Charging the Enemy, horses and foot—
Radical, Radical, down to the Root!

WELLSBURG, Oct. 14, 1867.

SUNSET.

Mystical colors creep over the river,
Mystical colors that quicken and glow;
And I—I am gliding off and forever,
Toward a far shore that my eyes do not know.

Low drag the clouds with their fanciful fringes,
Crimson, and scarlet, and quivering white—
And my quick heart-beats keep time to their going—
Upward, and Southward, and out of my sight.

Upward and offward, and far from my seeing,
Lieth some Power that is drawing away—
Lieth some Country absorbing my being,
Breaking the cords that would lengthen my stay.

Flame! oh in beauty far over the river—
Clouds that are beckoning, speaking to me;
On to the Border-Land, ever, and ever,
Sweeping and nearing the great Mystery!

Wellsburg, Oct., 1867.

MY HARP.

For when I was a little romping child,
I dimly can remember that I dreamed

I stood in a high hall built out of mist,
And frescoed with mirages, wherein gleamed
Things that a Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, writ.
From these—the images that haunt men's brains:
Tall Pillars, carved from mist went proudly up,
And on them hung Harps, ablazoned with
Great Names, and known to History. Some too
Had no name writ upon them. I had come
To get the one I was foredoomed to bear,
If any I should Strike in all my life.
Oh! some were gorgeous, some were wreathed with flowers;
Some, with crown-jewels from the heads of Kings
Were crusted o'er; some were of wroughten gold;
Some shone with stars; and others had their strings
Rusted with blood, and the sad salt of tears—
Poor Tasso's Harp was this; another's strings
Were wove of Woman's hair, and sparkled with
The light of Woman's eyes; and on its strings
Still Laura's name moaned fond and lingering—
And others—some were new; but oh, how fair!
And Romance crowned the Harp of Tennyson;
And Browning's, wore a grand and growing fame.
Thus had I seen—when to my hand they brought
A rough-hewn-wooden thing, whose strings were strong
And utterly ungarnished—I had wept
And thrown it from me—but I caught a tone
Thrill through its strings—and echo,—"Liberty!"
And then my heart exulted—Liberty!

I knew it—Liberty! oh, Liberty!
I took it, vexed no longer, but aglow—
Aye, plain, ungarnished—I will call thee mine;
And I will toil to draw from thy strong strings
Some note to make the hopeless Slave look up,
And stretch his shackled limbs till his chains burst,
And make the Despot tremble!
Though it be
Only a single note that I can draw,
Yet if it chord with the true voice of God,
My Soul shall be contented.
As I passed
I saw that Burns, and Whittier, had such
As mine—only in compass, form, and build,
They mighty were, and made a noble noise
In a brave Hymn, that all the world shall join
When Christ shall set His second Kingdom up.

WELLSBURG, West Va., Oct. 1867.

SONG.

I KNOW full well what ye whisper round,
With breezy lips, oh, trees;
And I blame not that ye whisper how
My love flowed forth like seas.
But its coming waves brought nothing back,
Saving themselves, and a foamy track.

Yet, and yet, ye may tell and tell,
From bending tree to tree—
Few are the ears that hearken your speech,
And they will *feel* for me:
For people whose hearts can talk with thee,
As tender as God's own heart must be.

WELLSBURG, West Va. 1867.

REFORM.

THERE is a Van—I see it in my Vision—
Stately, and terribly, and stern, it goes
Over the World's Vain-Struggles, and Derision:
Its mighty Causeway built of Prostrate Foes.
I see it Moving—Fairer—Sterner—Prouder!

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1867.

RAIN.

SOFT, like baby's fingers
On a Mother's bosom,
Fall the scattered rain drops
On each thirsty blossom:

Spattering the grasses,

Feathering the tansies,
Putting dainty tear-drops
In the eyes of pansies:

In the dusty highways,
Making a dimple sinking;
Spangling the Cattle,
Standing there and winking.

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1867.

SHE HAS FOUND BREAD, AND CLOTHES, AND REST.

SHE died last night! her tired eyes
Shining with awful sorrow—
She lived in want, she died in rags,
And dreaded each to-morrow;
That laughed upon her shattered pane,
And roused her worn and dying—
She has found bread—but far away—
Where there is not any crying.

The while she lived her clothes were thin,
Her cheeks were stained with weeping;
She struggled hard to keep life in,
And cared not for the keeping.
Shrinking, and hungry, tattered and cold—

Passed with a sense of loathing—
She died last night, to enter where
The naked ones have clothing.

She died last night—Heaven drew her in—
Its Lamb that none had folded—
And Rest came to the trembling,
Whose way in storms was moulded.
She has found Bread, and Clothes, and Rest,
Weighed by no sparing Giver ;
And passed the line where Wrong holds power—
She is at Peace Forever !

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1867.

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

CHILDHOOD is gone—like a dream, a dream—
Gone with its glad emotion ;
And Youth is pouring its swift, full stream
On to the great wide Ocean.
And I like a barque with sails wide spread,
Am making the light that shines ahead,
And throws its path of widening red,
Over the waves in motion.

Oh, brother barques, that do sail and sail,
With the same on-rocking motion,

Bear up, bear up, with your swelling sails—
We're coming out on the Ocean.
And half our sails are crossed by the light
That's streaming and widening red and bright,
Out from the beacon, and on our sight—
We're coming out on the Ocean.

The waves they burn, and the winds they blow,
And give us a gallant motion,
Under our keels as we ride abreast
Out on the opening Ocean.
Oh, on, and on, till our sails lie furled
Under the sky of another world,
Close to the City, whose gates are pearled—
When we've gone over the Ocean.

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1867.

WINTER.

OUT on the hills the Snow lies white and gleaming,
Under the Snow the flowers are crouched and still;
In their sweet hearts there is as yet no beating,
Through their fine veins no threading colors thrill.

The river, like a warrior, sheathed in armor,
Lies frozen into rest. The forests bare
Show like a lace-work—where against the sunset,
They edge the hills, and break the outline fair.

Earth waits the resurrection of the Spring-time,
To make her Jewels in their beauty up;
To bring her bird-songs, and to star her meadows,
With Daisy, and with varnished Butter-Cup.

WELLSBURG, West Va., Jan. 1868.

DEATH IS NO DEATH.

LIFE is one long farewell; we meet, we linger,
We come together, and we go our way—
But each is pressing toward the Holy City,
Waiting the shining of its Hills of Day.

Death is no Death! but a Resplendent Archway,
To Him who Prays, and Lives, and Works, Aright;
Death is no Parting—but a Grand Re-Union,
Where God is All, and Faith is changed to Sight.

Then, Fare-thee-well—a little while we sunder,
A little while of Work and Faithfulness—
And we shall meet beyond the line of Parting,
Wearing the Beauty of His Holiness!

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1868.

TO * * * * * *.

THE lights burned low on our mimic scene,
And I studied well my part;
My little Maid—she could not know,
The tumult of my heart.

Oh, for the Diamonds that flashing clung
To my brow, and throat, and hand;
Oh, for the Silks that swept'd me round,
Like a Lady of the land.

Others were there, like Dames of Old,
In Velvets, and Gems, and Lace;
I bent me low, while thou wert called
To lend an Artist's grace.

Rouging the lips of a laughing Dame,
Powdering Belle and Beau;
Draping their Robes—I saw it all—
Though I tried to let it go.

But you came to me and took my hand,
And I could not turn to go;
You came to me, and kissed my hand—
And I bent my forehead low;

And studied the part I was soon to act,
A part of triumph and pain,
Of a Woman who Loved with a Deathless Love,

Though she *knew* that her Love was Vain.

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1868.

SONG.

THE sky is blue, and the clouds are bright,
Above the ice-bound river;
Under ice and snow, the river doth flow
With a tide that slacketh never.

My brow is calm, and my words are light,
My heart is like that river;
With steady flow, my Love doth go,
Searching Thy Love forever.

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1868.

MY WORDS ARE POOR.

MY words are poor, my thoughts are weak,
My brain seems made of leather;
And all my sentiments in jigs,
Go waltzing off together.

Yet as I walk by thee, oh, brook,
The tears spring up unbidden;

For thy soft murmurs touch a spring,
Within my bosom hidden.

And all the pines call down to me,
And winds stoop low and whisper,
And all her chords my spirit flings
To catch the thrilling vesper.

There is a time, when lips that burn
Shall find their silence broken ;
When thoughts that weep to shape themselves,
Shall be no more unspoken.

FRANCISTOWN, N. H., July, 1868.

NIGHT.

I LEAN into the Night, wide spread ;
The clouds black host more thickly tread ;
The winds low words swell out their moan,
But never change their monotone :
There is a feeling of suspense,
The stifled heart beats more intense,
And the Great Dark seems one Immense
Cathedral of Omnipotence !

FRANCISTOWN, 1868.

"AND HOPE TO DIE HURRAHING."—THADDEUS STEVENS.

OUT on the lips that dare turn pale,
Out on the hearts that falter;
Come Life, come Death, we swear the vow,
We swore round Freedom's Altar.
Hurrah! Hurrah! we stand as One,
Against Oppression Warring;
For Living, still we hope to win,
"And Hope to Die Hurrahing!"

We'll make the Hopeless ones Look Up,
Where Freedom's Banner Flieth,
And make the Rousing Millions *Feel*,
That Freedom Never Dieth!
Hurrah! Hurrah! we Stand as One,
Against Oppression Warring—
For Living, aye, we Hope to win—
"And Hope to Die Hurrahing!"

FRANCISTOWN, N. H., 1868.

OH ELMS.—FRAGMENT.

OH ELMS! Swing, Swing;
Bow down to me your curved arms—
I love you so—

Ye, that know the love of Tree-land;
Ye, that speak the speech of Nature—
Have ye not some Word, or Sign,
Answering this Love of Mine?
My tears spring up
Because you are so beautiful!
Yet so apart,
That between us, is no speaking
Of the Truths that are in Common.

FRANCISTOWN, N. H., 1868.

"AND THERE SHALL BE ONE FOLD, AND ONE SHEPHERD."

"And there shall be One Fold"—oh, feet that falter,
At turning from the twilight toward the Day!
Oh hearts, that dream Farewells endure Forever!
Oh hands—from other hands taken away—
One Fold—One Fold—where All the Sheep shall gather,
And the wild heaving of their hearts be stilled;
And all the Hopes begun on Earth be finished,
And all the hungering of Love be filled!

And there shall be One Shepherd, Christ, the Brother!
In that near Country, under friendly skies;

And we shall see His face, "and not another;"
And Know as Real what now are Mysteries.
It is not Cold, nor Strange, beyond the Gateway,
Whose hither side we only can behold;
For They are there, whose feet went on before us—
"And there shall be One Shepherd, and One Fold."*

FRANCISTOWN, 1868.

VICTORY.

HARK! how the echos peal on peal,
Reverberate again;
Down mountain sides of Old Vermont,
And through the Pines of Maine—
'Tis Victory! 'tis Victory!
That rideth forth Amain!

And the purple of her vesture
Out-gleameth on my sight;
The sparkle of her Chariot wheels,
And Banners blazoned bright—
She rideth Fair, she rideth Proud,
Nor turneth Left, nor Right.

In vain upon her breast-plate,
Sin's Darts are madly hurled,

*The last verse of the above is inscribed on her Tomb.

Her grand helm droops no feather.
Her Banners are not furled—
She rideth forth at God's command,
To Liberate the World!

Ho! clear the way good Citizens,
Roll Drums, and Trumpets bray—
Room—for the Purple Robed One,
Whose Banners dim the day—
Room—for the Chariot Wheels of God,
That roll their sparkling way!

FRANCISTOWN, Sept., 1868.

TO SUSIE K ———*

UNTIL the Resurrection,
It will not be, my Dear;
But then the clouds will all be gone,
And all the sky be clear!

No more our feet together,
The pleasant paths will walk;
No more the woods be greeted with,
Our laughter and our talk.

On to the further City
Your quickening footsteps wind,

*This dear friend died at Topsfield, Mass., in August, 1870.

And I, my feet are coming,
I am not far behind.

Oh, radiant, burning sunset!
Oh, City, rising clear
Beyond the Resurrection—
Farewell, till then my dear!

FRANCISTOWN, N. H., 1868.

PRAYER.

FAR from my home, the Moon through the wild clouds
Glides, and the brook chants low its symphony;
The pines send whispers, and the cricket sings
Its sharp-edged song. All lie in sleep but we:
And I from my lone heart send up a prayer
For those I love in that far distant Home;
Whose Blood is mine, whose every Hope is mine—
Shall I stop here? I still pray on for all
Who Love, or Hate me; never here—for all
Who suffer, still as stars—and stars come out
Embossing Heaven. I pray for all mankind—
For bird and beast—but seeing the stars blaze,
Reading the eyes of planets, sun on sun—
And knowing how they shrink our little world
To insignificance—I only say,

Oh, Father, Spirit, Power, Omnipotence,
God! let "Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will be Done!"

FRANCISTOWN, Sept., 1868.

TO MARY W———.

I KNOW that the Norway pines will lift,
And I no more be here;
And the Sun his rays through them will sift,
And I no longer near.

Lichins will whiten the fields like foam,
And moss be tipped with red;
And the brook will whirl, and sing, and foam,
Over its rocky bed:

And I go hence—but I bear with me
A Happy Memory,
Of Pines, and Brook, and Foam-like Rocks,
And the Friends that Walked with me.

FRANCISTOWN, Oct, 1868.

PUSH THINGS.

PUSH things, Push things; advance on the Enemy—
Charge him, Charge, him in Front and in Rear;

Slacken no Energy, pause not with Victory,
Charge on the Enemy, Cheer upon Cheer!

Push things, Push things—Now is the Rubicon!
On Us, On Us, gazes the World;
Men look Entreatingly, Kings look Desparingly,
At our dread Army, with Banners Unfurled!

Push things, Push things; well, is not well enough;
Heap the Watch Fires, till they Blaze like the day;
Slacken no Energy, pause not with Victory—
Sweep the Last Hold of the Spoiler away.

Push things, Push things—Up from the Battle-fields,
Marching, Marching, Shadow Hosts come—
Solemn they look to us, solemn they throng by us—
Blood-stained each Banner, and silent each Drum.

Push things, Push things—Crown their life-sacrifice—
Ours be, Ours be, the glory to-day—
To Sweep from the Nations the Curse of Oppression,
And spread the Wide Light that no Despot can stay!

LOWELL, Mass. Oct. 1868.

"ARISE YE, AND DEPART, FOR THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."—MICAH. II. XTH VERSE.

THERE is a stir 'mong gleaming Tents

Of the resting Caravan;
There is a waking noise and tread,
Of the feet of Beast and Man.

The Tents are Struck, and the gleam is gone,
And over the Waste they wind;
And the flutter of Palms grows slowly dim,
And the wave of hands behind.

Under the dark of the midnight skies,
Watching the Planets wheel;
Seeing the Morning Star arise,
And Day the Earth reveal:

Ever—the watchword comes, "Arise!—
Here is no Rest—Depart"—
Oh, is there none for the weary feet?
None, for the weary heart?

Cannot Youth sit by the stream at play?
May not Joy wreathe her head?
May not Love stay with the loved one?
And no Farewell be said?

WELLSBURG, West Va., Dec. 1868.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

WOMAN! I close thy written Life—and Thought
Goes to and fro over the solemn path

Thy footsteps trod. Great Sufferer! whose frame
Shook like a reed before the blast of life—
Great Conquering Soul! that lifted wide-spread wings,
And bearing all its load of woe—soared up
Into the Higher Calm, the Infinite!

Still flush the purple moors—but thou, no more
Lonely, hast entered into that Bright Sphere
Where all the fruit of Honest, Generous Toil,
Glows fair and golden. There, oh Glowing Soul!
Amid unveiling Mysteries, thy Life
Shall grow, and broaden toward its perfect Whole!
It was well done—Saints do no more than this;
Each one his best. It brings into my heart
An Exultation!

WELLSBURG, West Va., Dec., 1868.

"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN."

JERUSALEM the Golden—
I pine to see thy Light,
That hath no need of Sun by day,
Nor Moon and Stars by night.

The shining of thy Mansions,
The glimmer of thy Gate
I see, and waiting, labor,
And laboring, I wait.

My ear is strung to catch you,
Your echos haunt my brain ;
Oh fresh ethereal voices,
Oh, well remembered strain !

Home, home, to Thee, our Spirits,
And wild heart-yearnings, tend ;
Home, home, to Thee, each winged hope
Would like a dove ascend.

Though dust be on our sandals—
Forever to our eyes,
Jerusalem, thy Radiant Walls,
And Golden Gates, Arise !

WELLSBURG, West Va., Dec. 1868.

"THE REJECTED STONE."

LIFT it before the People ! So—that's well :
Place it in the Rotunda. Countrymen,
Know ye its History, and Significance ?
Ages ago, five hundred years and more,
Before our Christian era, a King lived
In Rome, and Servius Tullius was his name ;
Son of a Slave ; yet bred in Tarquin's house,
And wed to Tarquin's daughter. His young life
And virtues were so great that he escaped

The fatal dizziness which threatens those
That walk in highest places. People loved,
And Soldiers worshipped him. They made him King;
And he ruled well—Aye, well. You know how Rome
Covered new hills with Temples—Palaces
Rose under the red sky of Italy.
But best of all, he lifted heavy loads
From off the burdened shoulders of the Poor.
You know the People loved him; therefore Hate
Drew forth his dagger, and a deed was done!
And an Old Man lay bleeding in the street;
No Crown upon him, but his silver hair—
While shame! his Daughter o'er his mangled corpse
Drove her fierce Chariot on that Dreadful Day!
Then wailed the People in the streets of Rome;
Then wept the People for their generous friend;
Rehearsing to each other, deeds and words
The dead had done and spoke. The grief was wild—
But deeper waxed the People's wrath whene'er
The name of Tarquin sounded.

Time went on—

And when the years brought round the fatal day,
That saw him murdered—on Mount Aventine,
Into Diana's Temple, came the Slaves
To celebrate his Virtues and his Fame.
And Years went on, the Centuries went on,
Thousands of years—Rome's Mighty Pomp is gone;
Her Empire in the dust—yet every eye
That looked for Freedom, every burning heart

That Spurned the foot that trampled human kind,
Looked to his Tomb, of which This formed a part,
And bounded at the mention of the Name,
This Fragment helped so long to Memorize.

WELLSBURG, West Va , Dec. 1868.

LOSS AND GAIN.

I THINK, if we submissively
Hold on our way, bearing our cross,
That God will make it plain to us,
Where was the Gain, and where the Loss.

We so mistake the Loss and Gain—
Our Wishes feathering every Prayer
We pray, that when they sink,
They leave but Blankness and Despair.

We cannot with our clearest sight
See anything unto the end ;
Nor know we how to judge aright
The face of Foe, or hand of Friend.

For what know we ? we pray and pray
For that which brings us tears and pain ;
Our wisdom comes from after-sight,
And when its Guiding Power is vain.

WELLSBURG, West Va., 1869.

IMPLORA.

Oh, give to my beloved Sleep—
My eyes are weighed down with weeping—
Oh give to my beloved Sleep,
And give but Happiness in Sleeping.

I wake—Oh, God! Thy lovely Moon
Hangs low—the soft Spring winds awaken;
My Soul flings back its robe of Sense,
Like some sad mask, some dream mistaken.

Give unto my beloved Sleep—
And hush my heart, and heal its weeping—
Oh, give to my beloved sleep,
And give but happiness in sleeping.

Wellsburg, West Va., April, 1869.

I AM ALONE.—Impromptu.

I am alone,
My heart makes moan,
For in the air,
And everywhere,
Hangs a sad spell,
No one can tell—

How dim my days go by.

I am with grief,
And no relief
Comes from the grass;
The glad birds pass,
The free wind blows—
But no one knows,
How dim my days go by.

WELLSBURG, West Va., June, 1869.

ON READING SOME VERSES OF SHELLEY.

I AM no Poet—what avail ye tears
To come so? Never have I writ like this,
Nor ever can I. Clouds, and stars, and light,
Weave beautifully to the Poet's hand—
But not to mine.
My strains are plain and rough,
Built up from facts, not fire. If there be grace,
It is because I tell of graceful facts;
Could I but touch a heart, 'twould be because
I tell of something pitiful; if rouse,
Because I put some facts before men's eyes
They needed but to look upon, to do
Well:
Facts, are Truths dressed out in home-spun dress:

Truth is of God, whatever mien it wears:
Yet my soul weeps, that like a plumy swan,
She cannot touch the zenith, but must sail
Web-footed on the stream of life and time.

WELLSBURG, West Va., July, 1869.

THE COMING MAN.

HE feels the pressure on his brow,
Of Crowns he is to wear;
He feels the presence in his hand,
Of palms he is to bear.

How they shall come he does not ask,
Nor what the work to do;
But looks to God to point for him,
And God to lead him through.

Into the smallest act of life
This consciousness is wrought;
And knowledge of his sacred trust,
Makes better every thought.

OAKLAND, Md., August, 1869.

AN AUGUST EVENING.

We sat in the Cottage porch,
That Prairie-Rose was twining,
And looked toward the hills that westward lay,
With the clouds above them shining;
And Swallows swung in the golden haze
Of that Summer-Sun's declining.

The stream went by with a bend and flow,
The Cow-bells chimed in their ringing;
The chimnies smoked, and the men came home,
Their fragrant harvest bringing:
And the dew fell heavy, as round our heads
A bat went sharply winging.

Out in the sky the Moon came bright,
Gibbous, and Star attended;
Heavy the hand of grateful rest,
On tired eyes descended;
We laid us down in peace to sleep,
The August Day was ended.

Oakland, Md., August, 1869.

NO MORE.

Oh, fair are ye, ye meadow paths,

With golden rod and purple heather,
But down your way my love and I,
Shall walk no more, no more together.

And all my heart shrinks from the woe
Of knowing, in this golden weather
Of all the year, my love and I
Shall walk no more on Earth together.

OAKLAND, Md., Sept. 1869.

LADY BYRON.

1.

OH mighty sufferer! oh, gentle head!
Bowed with a Crown of Agony, whose Thorns
Were driven constantly anew in flesh
That shrank, but shrinking bore its martyrdom.
The grave is on thy lips, and on thy heart
Where age fell early; on thy generous hands
That, put upon thy mouth, and in the dust,
Held back thy wrongs for weary, dragging years.

2.

Oh, Women, Mothers, Sisters, Wives, look here—
There is no thing in all our history
More pitifully sad, more sadly great!
This *is* the Ultimate of Womanhood.
Oh Brothers! gloss not Crime with specious cant—

The great Hereafter was not made, I think,
For Women more than Men. And yet you preach
One Moral Code for Women—one for Men!

3.

But whosoever honors goodness, come—
Bring here your tears and weep them on her grave,
Bring here your Love and weave for her a Crown,
Bring here your Honors for her blessed feet;
And we shall think of good, thinking of her—
Shall feel, when Byron's name of Sin is spoken,
As one who sees in a dread dungeon's gloom,
An Angel poise—magnificently fair!

4.

And thou, oh Spirit! in that purer life
Where all thy woe is melted like a mist—
On thy glad brow, in shimmering glory rests,
The Crown of one who did not seek her own.
Against yon burning yellow of the West
I can discern thy Presence gather form—
Forgiveness shining in thy victor-eyes
Through all the Rapture of their Holiness!

OAKLAND, Md., Sept. 17, 1869.

AUTUMN.

HEAVY the Grapes hang on the vine,

And warm their purple blood in the sun ;
And wearily droops the vine, for now
Its Summer work is done.

Red are the Apples, red and brown,
And some are dashed with yellow and gold ;
But the tired leaves come dropping down—
The Summer days are told.

Nuts are bursting their silk-lined coats,
And the Children are pelting them down ;
But they start no birds from hidden nests,
For all the Birds are flown.

Were I a Child, as once I was
In the years that are over and told—
Oh, then for the Woods, the windy Woods,
Blazoned with Red and Gold.

Were I a Child ! I wrong myself
In harping thus : is the Earth less fair
That I drop the prism of Ignorance,
And look through Common Air ?

Low-hung mists, so tenderly blue,
Colors that flame, and Sunsets that glow,
Flowers, and the going of Winds,—mean more
Than they did years ago.

All the Beautiful with itself,
Blends some Memory hauntingly dear ;

All that is Musical holds some voice,
Sweeter than those we hear.

If the Life within throbs rich and full,
Let the Vine droop low—for Mind and Truth,
For Love, for Soul, there is no Age—
But Everlasting Youth!

Hearts grow Rich as deepening Life
Bears Fruit that only the years can bring;
So I would not give the Autumn Time,
For all the Buds of Spring.

WELLSBURG, West Va., Sept. 27, 1869.

STARS.

BRING out thy Stars, oh Night!
Through Heaven's blue field;
Thought crowds on thought, and still
More thought doth yield.

I wait—while gleaming wide
Upon my sight,
They swarm—till Midnight seems
One Sea of Light!

I Stand—so Small—so Great—

For woven in.
I am with what Shall be,
And what Has been.

So Small—and yet a Part
Of the Great Whole!
So Great—what Limits bar
The Deathless Soul!

Shine on, oh Stars! I wait
My Destiny:
When Worlds are shivered—still
To KNOW AND BE!

WELLSBURG, West Va. Sept. 30, 1869.

SHORT SAYINGS.

SHORT SAYINGS.

DUTY.—(Earnest soul's definition)—"My debt to God and Mankind."

" (Selfish soul's definition)—"The obedience due me from my Servants and Children."

GREATNESS.—(True definition)—"To serve Mankind, or Humanity."

" (False definition)—"To be an Emperor."

FAITH.—(True definition)—"Belief in the Unknown."

" (False definition)—"Belief in Fact."

1862.

DO WE realize that on awakening in the morning, we take up the threads dropped over night, which, day after day, are wove into, and shape the garment of *Deeds* in which the Soul is to stand clothed when it trembles at the bar of God! Let us look to it!

HARMAR, O., Nov. 1, 1862.

IF we could only comprehend the influence of our Actions upon others, what breast-works of caution and prayer would we throw up! We strike a blow, the vi-

bration thrills through God only knows what space. We speak words, the results of which may start from the old sounding-board of time long after we have gone.

HARMAR, O., 1862,

A VICTORY was what we wanted,
And that the Lord has to U. S. Grant-ed.

JULY, 4, 1863.

TOAST TO A NAVAL OFFICER.

Our Country—May her Sons ever Support her—
So here's her health in Meade—you drink in Porter.

JULY 9, 1863.

IMPROMPTU, TO A PRO-SLAVERY GENTLEMAN.

Because the *wrong* of Slavery I maintain,
You say that I have "Negro on the brain;"
Well, I don't care—But *you* have what is worse,
A Crying Evil: *Negro on the Purse.*

PROCTORSVILLE, O., 1863.

IN writing, consider a Cheese-press, and condense your Thoughts to the utmost.

DEC. 1863.

"DRUNKENNESS is Prime-minister to Death," says the Proverb. I add with earnestness: and Fashionable Drinking is his Successor elect.

APRIL, 1864.

POETRY is the Gold upon the Butterfly's wing; the blue mist upon the Grape; attempt to analyze it, and it

is ruined. It is a subtle *effect*, far above explanation.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

THE Virtue I would crown is simple Truth—knowing no Fear, nor Temporizing.

1865.

As the Coral grows,
So must we all perform our atom-part,
Till God's great continents of Truth loom up.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

MY Favorite Dissipation? Well, I call Forgetfulness a kind of Dissipation of all that troubles one. So I love it; and it loves me—I reason by equation.

1866.

CREED.—Creed is a good thing—like Beer and Mug. We need it to hold us together; but like Beer, we always want the right to effervesce and bulge over *ad libertum*.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

I ALWAYS jump forward with delight to the unrhymed lines in a Poem, as a glorious vent, where a thought can stretch itself at will, uncramped by that "tail-board," rhyme.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

REAL Enjoyment is only the fruit of Right-Doing.

MARCH, 1866.

SORROW and Disappointment are the Throes with which a better life is born to the Soul.

1866.

In Rhyme, I feel as though in a straight hall, whose ends are walled off, and with only to turn and return; but with Blank verse, how different! A great Vestibule open at either end, with great gleaming fields lying before me, and through it, Thought can walk with free, glad feet.

May, 1866.

Here, in the great work-shop of the Present, my Friends, out of red-hot opportunity, and with the hammers, Thought and Action, we are shaping the "Past," which, we leaving, will meet the Eye of the Great Inspector, God! Oh, Friends, let our blows ring out firm and true. Let us do our work well, that when the Lord handles it, it may pass Inspection.

Some of the Few Things I Know.

I know men who going into the night, white with starlight, look longingly upward, sighing for the Impracticable Something, which star and moon-shining suggest; while in their home-firmament, overlooked and ignored, shine stars, whose lustre Eternity shall not diminish. Still they are blind! blind!

I have known men who will feelingly read and accentuate sublime stories of True Nobility; grand records of Self-Devotion, Holy Martyrdoms, and Generosity—who'll Weep and Sigh in the right spots—who will Swear at their Wives, Abuse their Children, Quarrel with their Neighbors, Insult their God, and Haggle over a Penny.

I KNOW those who Profess loudly in Theory, what they never Practice, and persist in beating said Theory into one's head with mallet blows of unlovely gesticulation; and then call the hearer a Fool because he will not abandon Common Sense.

I CONFESS to knowing men who try hard to have a reverence for Untanned Boots, heart-breaking Handkerchiefs, and utter ignoration of Fashion, i. e. preferring Attenuation to Extension, in Pants, Coats, &c., thinking this course Independent.—The Lord enlighten them!

I KNOW those who, from stupidity, Swallow $1,000 Camels, and Strain at Penny-gnats. These be they that will Swell the Rich man's procession when he *tries* "to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

I KNOW those men who look staringly away from their Firesides to catch a glimpse of Job-like patience, Jonathan-like love, and Christ-like forgiveness—when these graces irradiate some face sitting unappreciated, and crowned with white ashes of sorrow, at their very feet.

1866.

VANITY is a great burly weed, that having once taken fair root, Chokes out all Nobler and Better growth.

1867.

To have a Mother living is, upon the great desert of Life, like having a broad-green tree bowing over one in a Summer's noon.

JULY, 1867.

A stone thrown into the water knows not of the swelling circles that its passing makes; so with a great Soul thrown into the Current of Time.

1867.

We may not hope by our Prayers to alter the Purposes of God; but by our Prayers we can bring ourselves into Chord with them.

1867.

The path of Suffering opens upon Eternal Joy.

1867.

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